RHYMES of THE FIRING LINE

by Damon Runyon

author of "TENTS OF TROUBLE"

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BY

DAMON RUNYON

Author of "The Tents of Trouble"

NEW YORK
DESMOND FITZGERALD, INC.
PUBLISHERS

PS3535
.U52 R5
1912

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Dedication

IT was the Good Wind speaking;
It was the Good Wind said:
"Mother, I come from a pathless sea
Where none before had gone, save me;
And there I saw with infinite dread —
A lonely ship;
Battered and worn from a desperate trip.
Mother, aloft your flag it bore —
Crimson and blue and white it shone;
And high above the sea's sad roar
Voices I heard that echoed your own.
And strange men sang a song —
A song that breathed of hope!"

The author is indebted for the reproduction of verse included in this volume to the People's Magazine, the Bohemian Magazine, Denver *News,* Lippincott's Magazine, Munsey's Magazine, Sunset Magazine, Spare Moments, Denver *Post,* Army and Navy Life, New York *Sun,* Army and Navy Journal, Pearson's Magazine, the Reader Magazine, Leslie's Monthly, Denver *Times,* New York *American,* and the souvenir book of the Twenty-first United States Infantry.

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RHYMES OF THE FIRING LINE

A SONG OF "PANTS"

(The American soldier's trousers are his most illy fitting garment — English criticism.)

I'M a-comin' up from stables in me ragged pantaloons
An' me shirt tail's flyin' freely out behind;
An' me ridin' seat has patchin's grinnin' like a pair o' moons —
'Tis a job I did me ownself, d'ye mind.
An' I hears th' sergeant bawl: "Hi, come to th' barrack hall;
All th' officers is lookin' you askance.
Yer clothes they is a sight, an' th' fittin' is a fright —
Come on an' git some pants, pants, pants!"

Few clothes! New clothes!
Clothes to soldier in;
Clothes for dress, fatigue an' mess
An' clothes for sleepin' in.
New clothes! Blue clothes!
Dinner er a dance —
Every man is goin' to plan his
Pants! Pants! Pants!

A SONG OF "PANTS"

I've drored 'em by th' numbers; when I'd want a pair o' pants
I'd tell th' sergeant: "Gimme Number Two";
He'd look his lot all over an' he'd fit me from a glance —
If he was shy o' twos, why threes'd do.
But now he takes me measure an' he measures to me pleasure;
He doesn't leave a single inch to chance.
Oh, there's cuttin' an' there's snippin' an' there's clippin' an' there's rippin'
As they're reefin' in th' surplus o' me pants!

Few clothes! New clothes!
Clothes that have to fit.
Every stitch an' even hitch
Where you has to sit.
Grab clothes! Drab clothes!
Nothin' left to chance;
Every ginney's lovely in his
Pants! Pants! Pants!

Oh, they're goin' to fit 'em tightly for to cover up th' waist —
(When th' grub is runnin' light th' wrinkles show.)
An' they'll leave no slack for handholts when a feller's gittin' chased —
(But they haven't said allowances will grow.)

A SONG OF "PANTS"

Oh, we'll be th' swell gazooks when it comes to fancy looks —
You kin tell we're tailor-cultured at a glance;
When we come to yer attention, oh, we wish you'd kindly mention
Th' architectural beauty o' our pants!

New clothes! Blue clothes!
Clothes o' proper hang;
Clothes o' style that cost a pile
To give th' girls a pang.
Few clothes! New clothes!
Soldiers to enhance;
Every ginney's lovely in his
Pants! Pants! Pants!

MANILA — NOW

(THE WAIL OF THE RECRUIT)

SAY! I came here to these Philippines in fightin' form arrayed;
To put down fierce rebellion, an' some other things like that;
What do I find? What do I see? The enemy's in trade —
An' all the war is fer me coin an' all hands gittin' fat!
They're sellin' socks, they're sellin' shoes, they're sellin' bricky-braw;
The carnage is in prices an' their work is pretty raw;
An' as fer war — don't mention it — a little fightin' — Pshaw!
They're all blame glad the crooel war is over!

You find a leadin' citizen, an' pin him down on it;
An' smoke him out considerable, he'll have to tell you true
That he came in a transport an' he's done his guard house bit —
But soldiers don't attract him now, except when pay day's due.

Nebraska, Pennsylvania, Dakota, Tennessee,
They're brothers now in lodges, an' they're glad
the country's free —
An' they have one thing in common, w'ich that
common thing is me —
But they're mighty glad the crooel war is over!

You ast a pussy banker man, who's changin' in your
gold —
"Was you a snoljer, onct, ole pal?" he'll eye you
through his specks;
He'll stop, fergit his total, an' the chances is yer told,
The story o' his lifetime an' the things wot he expects.
"My frien', I came wit' Funston, from the Kansas
plains, y'see;
I follered him acrost Luzon an' up a mango tree;
I swum the ragin' Bag-Bag an' I've got six medals
— me!
But *I'm* mighty glad the crooel war is over!"

You ast the guy wot drives you in a funny little hack —
"Do you recall them fights out here?" he stops his
hosses quick;
An' in his pidgin English, he will start to take you back
A dozen years o' history; it makes a ree-croot sick.
"I served wit' Aguinaldo in his ole Red Pants bri-
gade;
I was wit' Pio del Pilar an' in the Tondo raid;

I served from Hell-to-Breakfast time, a-settin' in the shade,
But *I'm* mighty glad the crooel war is over."

You asts a grizzled Chinaman, a-squattin' by his store;
"Do you know anything o' war, me yaller comrade, say?"
An' so he says, an' says it quick, an' acts a little sore
As if you oughta know him an' his tale o' yesterday.
"I drove the swayin' bull carts in the rear o' Wheaton's line;
I uster smoke me hop, y'see, an' hear them bullets whine;
I carried in the wounded, an' I think I did it fine —
But *I'm* mighty glad the crooel war is over!"

You ast a fat policeman, as he's pacin' off his beat,
"M'frien', you look so peaceful, did you ever have a fight?"
He'll bat his eyes ferocious an'll say wit' plenty heat —
"Huh? Say! I uster live on 'em; I had 'em every night.
Me! I came from Minnesota, wit' the Thirteenth Volunteers;
Remember we policed the town between the troubled years;
An' graft was mighty good them days, I recollects wit' tears —
But *I'm* mighty glad the crooel war is over!"

You ast the servants, cook, or groom, if they are hep to war;
The motorman, the street sweep an' the heathen savage, too;
You ast the noble barkeep an' the feller in the store
An' every one has records, an' a battle's nothin' new.
The fought their way acrost Luzon, an' down in Mindanao;
In Cebu an' most everywhere that they could pick a row —
What chanst fer trouble has a guy who's lookin' fer it now
When they're all so glad the crooel war is over?

THE NIGHT RIDER

A SONG OF THE FILIPINO CONSTABULARY

"Halt! Who is there!"
"A friend!"
"'Vance, friend, to be recognized."
"All right, constable!"

BLACK o' th' night an' th' sighin' trees,
Faraway hoofs like a throbbin' drum;
Out o' th' dark on a hasty breeze
Swift as a shadow I've seen him come.
Rowels a-rattlin' a cheerful tune;
Jerk o' th' head an' a brief "Hello!"
Passes th' challenge along to th' moon;
Where did he come from, where did he go?

Lathered with sweat an' a dusty gray,
Guidin' his hoss by th' feel o' his knees;
Out o' th' night an' into th' day
Slidin' along like a frightened breeze.
Holdin' his hungry hoss aright
(Slap o' th' spur gives a holler sound)—
"Howdy, sentry; a beautiful night."
'Way in th' distance I hear him pound.

THE NIGHT RIDER

Ripple o' flame in a sooty sky;
  Snap o' th' bamboo fire he hears;
Purr o' th' bullets whimperin' by,
  Whine o' th' wimmin an' ladrone cheers.
Somewhere a barrio's gone to smoke;
  Maybe a tribe has run amuck —
Out on th' road th' Constable bloke
  Puttin' his trust in God an' in luck!

Leavin' his niggers to snooze an' dream,
  Dressin' between his hoss's jumps;
" Mornin', sentry," a whitish gleam —
  Challenge is lost in th' echoin' thumps,
Somewhere is Trouble an' Trouble's him;
  Crash in th' dark an' a rifle flare,
Flash of a bolo — a margin slim —
  Medley o' shots on th' still night air!

Where did he come from, where did he go?
  Out o' th' night like a sad ole ghost,
Wave o' th' hand an' a brief " Hello! "
  Leavin' me dozin' along my post.
Always he comes in th' same ole way,
  Ridin' an' slidin' out o' th' night,
Rattle o' hoofs an' a vision gray,
  Hurryin' somewhere into a fight.

THE NIGHT RIDER

Seat of his pants rhinoceros hide,
  Stomach is lined with a copper plate,
Sun dried nerves but a cast steel pride;
  Lips cold set in a grin at Fate,
Muscles hardened as drawn wire —
  Senses quickened an' short drawn breath —
Eyes a-glitter with watchful fire,
  Ears sharp set to th' step o' Death.

Where do they git 'em; why do they stay?
  (Death don't play 'em no favorites yet.)
Never no honors an' blame poor pay;
  Never no medals or names — brevet.
What is their end? Ah, who can tell?
  Each to th' game he loves th' best —
Brothers, I bid you all farewell —
  Luck to you all an' a peaceful rest!

"Halt! Who is there?"
"A friend!"
"'Vance, friend, to be recognized."
"All right, constable!"

"RUMORS OF WAR"

(JUST ANY OLD TIME)

I'LL bet there's a diggin' in rubbish piles, in garrets, an' trunks decayed;
I'll bet there's a rattle in graveyards, too, where th' bones o' th' gang are laid;
I'll bet there's a harkin' o' memories back to th' 'Frisco o' Ninety-nine
As they're readin' discharges they'd long forgot an' findin' that capital line:
"No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist."

I'll bet there's some gents with their eyeglasses off a-trainin' on minion type;
I'll bet there's some closets with chest-weights hung an' punchin' bags gittin' a swipe;
An' *I know* there's a sudden renewin' o' friends that had died with th' lapse o' time,
An' I reckon they're readin' that asterisk mark along o' th' capital line:
"No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist."

I know there's a noddin' on Seventeenth street by Jenkins, society swell,
To Grimes, who's drivin' a beer wagon team an' Higgins, who's goin' to Hell.

For all o' them hiked it with Company A an' left it in
Ninety-nine —
An' all o' them hold, an' are proud o' th' same, a paper
that carries th' line:
"No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist."

I'm told of a sudden increasin' in meets by a Spanish-
American vet —
An' quorums that couldn't be mustered before are only
too easy to get;
I'm told by th' kids in th' National Guard that th' old
'uns are comin' in fine —
An' I wonder if some o' it couldn't be traced along o'
that capital line:
"No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist."

I know that I'm hearin' no longer th' talk that th' gang
used to peddle so strong
O' "hardships," an' "hunger," an' "maggoty beef," an'
th' "never-enlist-again" song;
An' I've watched 'em eyin' a street parade an' noted their
feet markin' time —
To th' swing o' th' band, an' I've credited it down along
o' that capital line:
"No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist."

"RUMORS OF WAR"

Well, th' most o' us play with our whiskers now, or tryin' to raise up a kid —
An' nine long years in th' discard's went — an' Gawd knows how they've slid —
But th' Eighth Corps' ghost may gather again in 'Frisco — like Ninety-nine.
If Uncle'll take it as gospel truth — th' words o' that capital line:
"No objection to his re-enlistment is known to exist."

THE PRIDE OF PEACE

NOW th' God o' War he's gone asleep an' nary a sound is heard;
An' even th' kaiser's shut his face an' hasn't a single word.
When th' God o' War he takes a nap an' th' little gods they snore
Th' good folks look about an' say: "Well, what's that army for?"

"Oh, what's that standin' army standin' for?
We do not need it, hardly, there's no war;
There ain't a sign o' trouble an' our taxes they is double —
So what's that standin' army standin' for?"

Now th' God o' War he slumbers long an' th' good folks look about;
It's "What's th' matter with th' army? We'd better find it out";
A private he wuz drunk last night — we hear from Muskadeen —
Which proves our argyments agin th' in-iki-tus canteen.

"Oh, what's that standin' army standin' for?
It must be very rotten to th' core;
It needs investigatin' an' th' management beratin' —
For what's that standin' army standin' for?"

Now th' God o' War snores right along an' th' good folks
start reform;
It's "Somethin's wrong, somewhere, somehow; we'll
make their britches warm;
We'll bar th' privates from our set — their clothin' makes
us sore —
There ain't a war nowhere, nohow — so what's that army
for?"
"Oh, what's that standin' army standin' for?
We do not think we need it any more;
Th' privates must be lazy an' th' officers are crazy —
Else what's that standin' army standin' for?"

When th' God he whistles through his nose th' good
folks are dismayed —
They say: "We orter kick him up, unless th' army's
'fraid";
When th' God o' War he moves a leg an' mumbles in his
sleep —
Th' good folks, chesty in their peace, set up an orful weep;
"Oh, what's that standin' army standin' for?
We're payin' it to keep from havin' war;
A fight ain't healthy diet when th' money market's quiet —
That's what that standin' army's standin' for!"

When th' God o' War he bats an eye an' yawns like he's
awake

Th' good folks hunt for cover an' their knees begin to shake;
When th' God o' War he gurgles once an' starts to snore again
Th' good folks look about an' say: "Now WHERE'S THEM FIGHTIN' MEN?"
"Oh, what's that standin' army standin' for?
We think we've been insulted; start a war —
We think we need some fightin' an' some wrongs we need a-rightin' —
So what's that standin' army standin' for?"

VETERAN AND RECRUIT

OH, we're goin' into action, you kin hear th' flankers' shots
As they're sparrin' for position on th' right;
You kin hear th' rifles workin' as th' lone outposts they pots,
An' you knows yer gettin' nearer to th' fight.
Oh, we're goin' into battle, you kin hear th' field guns rattle
As th' gunners get th' distance out ahead;
An th' orficers say "Steady! Bring yer rifles to a 'ready'"—
Or was it only "'Tention," that they said?

Th' sergeant there behind us, he is lookin' mighty wise,
He is watching all th' rookies in th' line;
An' as you note his calmness you kin feel yer spirits rise,
For if he's kinder sick he gives no sign.
Oh, th' rain is softly fallin' an' th' bugles are a-callin',
As th' regiment is spreadin' like a fan;
An' you hears th' steady churnin' o' th' automatics turnin',
An' you wonders what 'd happen if you ran.

Oh, we're goin' into action; here, th' line is movin' on,
An' th' country looks so peaceful out ahead;

VETERAN AND RECRUIT

You kin see th' mists arisin' an' unsheetin' o' th' dawn,
An' you wonders how it feels when you are dead.
You kin hear th' steady patter o' th' bullets as they chatter
Their little song o' welcome to th' trees.
An' you has some thoughts o' mother, sister, wife an' mebbe brother,
As you hears yer heart a-workin' with a wheeze.

We are goin' into action, as we've often gone before,
An' we know our blasted feelin's like a book;
A hundred times, perhaps, we heard this same old battle-roar
An' these shakin's we're a-shakin' always shook.
Oh, we're goin' into battle, you kin hear our molars rattle;
For veteran or rooky, it's th' same;
But you mustn't ever show it; ever let th' fellers know it;
An' when you die they'll mention you went game!

HOOF BEATS

WHAT do the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road?
Raisin' a blanket o' dusty gray,
Complainin' o' their load?
Listen, an' hear 'em talk —
Gallop or trot or walk,
This is what the hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

"A mile! A mile! A mile!"
Boot 'em along an' smile!
The sabers clank to the plankety-plank —
"A mile! A mile! A mile!"

What do the horses' hoofses say?
To some o' home they speaks —
See 'em dreamin' the miles away
An' many a smile they sneaks.
Friends an' a people dear,
Many a mile from here;
To them the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

HOOF BEATS

" A mile! A mile! A mile!"
We'll get home after awhile:
Me, Oh, my! The road slides by —
" A mile! A mile! A mile!"

What do the horses' hoofses say?
To some they speaks o' grub;
O' sweet repose at close o' day
An' rest from saddles' rub.
Cussin' beneath their breath,
Nary a thought o' Death,
They hears the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

" Plankety, plankety, plankety, plank!
" Plankety, plankety, plank!"
" Giddap, you skate, er we'll be late —"
" Plankety, plankety, plank!"

That's what the horses' hoofses say —
" Plankety, plankety, plank! "
Churnin' the weary miles away
To the tune o' the sabers' clank.
Gallop or trot or walk,
Listen and hear 'em talk,
That's what the horses' hoofses say
Poundin' on the road:

HOOF BEATS

"A mile! A mile! A mile!"
Plankety, plankety, plank!
"A mile! A mile! A mile!"
Plankety, plankety, plank!

THE PASSING OF THE VETERANS

NOW twenty men went out to-day and ain't a-comin' back;
An' every one left twenty years behind him.
An' four of them were medal men an' one wuz Sergeant Slack —
A farmer waited at the gate an' signed him.
Now Slack he fought in Texas an' he rode with Nelson Miles;
An' Slack he wuz at Wounded Knee an' on them Cooban Isles;
An' Slack has had his mention an' his medals, too, in piles —
But Slack he couldn't live on passin' glory.

Oh, they soon forgot that Texas ride; th' fight at Wounded Knee;
They soon forgot th' Injun wars an' all his gallantry;
They soon forgot Guaysimas an' th' jam at El Caney —
(They gave him barrels of mention, but forgot to raise his pay.)

Th' one year men o' B troop cried at seein' Sergeant Burke —
They recollect th' kindly way he trained 'em;
(Th' oldest in th' regiment; he's left to go to work);
Th' officers they showed him how it pained 'em.
Now Burke he gained his mention for th' capture o' Pilar;
An' Burke he wears beneath his shirt a-many wicked scar,
For Burke wuz in th' Boxer war an' also on Samar —
But Burke he couldn't live on passin' glory.

They soon forgot Manila an' th' capture o' Pilar;
Th' wounds he got at Imus an' his bravery on Samar —
They mentioned him for Pekin when he scaled the heathen wall
But didn't raise his standin' or raise his pay at all.

Th' sick men they regretted when they noticed Private Day;
They raised their weakish voices an' they cheered him.
He's nussed this whole world over, w'ich is why he's gittin' gray —
His tender tech to thousands has endeared him.
Now Private Day for twenty years wuz in the same ole corps;
He started out with Injuns an' wuz in th' Moro war;

He saw his youth an' manhood fade an' finally he got sore —
For Day he couldn't live on passin' glory.

Th' riot in th' camp he quelled wuz mentioned with th' rest;
His service in th' cholera plague is medaled on his breast;
His bravery in th' Frisco quake was talk for just a day —
(They medaled him an' mentioned him, but didn't raise his pay.)

Then Johnny Smith, th' hopeful one, he got a shout from all,
For Johnny wuz th' last we thought would quit us,
'Cause Johnny used to always say that congress, in th' fall,
Would surely make a salary to fit us.
An' Johnny gained his medal, but a life o' hope he spent;
For twenty years he waited an' each congress came an' went.
An' now at last he's give it up an' quit th' regiment —
For Johnny couldn't live on passin' glory.

Oh, now he's quit th' service an' is sweatin' in a store;
(His stripes they run from wrist to neck an' every stripe a war;)
His name goes down in history, or it mebbe will some day —
As medaled by his congress w'ich forgot to raise his pay.

THE MARINE

WITH a hitch to his trouserloons, and a seaman roll
in his gait,
His handiest tool a Springfield full and his home of
armor plate;
Cavalry, guns and foot, he one and all combines
As he charges the foe ashore or fights the water mines.
No gay parade for him; his world a watery sheen —
A rootin', tootin',
Cuttin', shootin',
Uncle Sam Marine!

Arctic or torrid zone, he fights in the cold or the heat,
He's back of the guns till the battle's won, the bulwark
of the fleet;
On cruiser or submarine, destroyer, torpedo boat
He stands to his work with never a shirk, a cheer in his
dusty throat;
A human made of steel, he fights as a living machine —
A rootin', tootin',
Cuttin', shootin',
Uncle Sam Marine!

Guantanamo to Samar; on the Chinaman's heathen ground
He's left his dead as with steady tread he fought the world around.
Horse and foot and guns, he one and all combines
As he backs the ship's big guns or charges the enemy's lines.
No flowers for his grave and none to keep it green —
A rootin', tootin',
Cuttin', shootin',
Uncle Sam Marine!

Is there trouble in Maroo, or some other far off port?
The same which means they need marines for a scrimmage of any sort?
Is our counsel in distress on some unfriendly shore?
Lower away the cruiser's launch with a file of the fighting corps!
No spot on the starry flag with such to keep it clean
As a rootin', tootin',
Cuttin', shootin',
Uncle Sam Marine!

With a hitch to his trouserloons, and a seaman roll in his gait,
His handiest tool a Springfield full and his home of armor plate;
Cavalry, guns and foot, he one and all combines
As he charges the foe ashore or fights the water mines;

No gay parade for him, his world a watery sheen —
A rootin', tootin',
Cuttin', shootin',
Uncle Sam Marine!

"SOLDIERS!"

("Almost universal hostile attitude of civilians toward the army uniform" — Reason ascribed by an army officer for desertion of soldiers.)

A CHEER goes rippling along the street —
A cheer!
There's a rattle of horns and the steady beat
Of throbbing drums and the scrape of feet —
And a cheer goes rumbling along the street —
What's here?
Soldiers!

Time of Peace and the empty drill; time of the Hostile Attitude;
Lo, the music it brings a thrill such as the Spirit of War imbued!
A sudden halt in the city swarms at the sight of the band and the uniforms —
Hark! A roar of wild applause — a silence of deep respect because
The colors pass —
Heads bare! The colors!

Flash of flame as the sunbeams fall
On the bayonet tips and the bugle call

Goes sweet and clear to the highest wall —
"Steady! All!"

Rank on rank and the crowds breathe hard; see them sway to the music's spell —
Regular Line or the National Guard; Hark! How rises the native yell!
Lo, the city's rush stands still; (time of Peace and the empty drill.)
Then arises a mighty roar as angry waves on a bitter shore —
Silence! The colors!
The colors pass!

Lines of tape and the faces brown;
Tailor-made from the soles to crown;
Cheer on cheer as the lines roll down through town —
"'Round! Swing 'round!"

Time of Peace and the empty drill; time of the Hostile Attitude;
Many a year since Bunker Hill, Gettysburg or the Spanish brood.
Never a sign of national storms — mark the band and the uniforms!
Lo, the city comes to pause — Hark! A roar of wild applause —
Silence! The colors!
The colors pass!

SOLDIERS

A cheer goes rippling along the street —
A cheer!
Thunder of brass and the tuneful beat
Of drums in time to the shuffling feet —
And a yell swings up through the startled street —
What's here?
Soldiers!

THE CITY THAT SERVED

Manila — 1898-1912

THEIR hair is shot with the Service white, as they sit in their clubs at ease,
And watch the chattering boats slip in and out through the purple seas;
They hear familiar tongues in the street and the beat of a heart they know
From the town that lies in its silver robes, enriched by the sunset glow.

Their eyes are strained with a grave concern, set deep by the old time fears;
And they take their rest in a watchful way; the habit of bygone years;
They talk of affairs of world concern and the change that time has wrought;
Each face marked deep by the Service Stripes, that an hour of trouble brought.

They sweep their hands to the town that breathes full lunged in its new found health;
To the streets alive with a business rush and the quays piled high with wealth —

" We came," they say, " to a blare of bands, and the fervor of crashing cheers —
And some of us that were Regulars then, have staid here as Volunteers!

Oh, we were the pride of the Middle States and the flower of the far Northwest;
While some of us came from the eastern coast and the South gave us its best —
And we all were young, and we all were gay, and we all were fierce for war,
But our battle has come since the stirring days of the old Eighth Army Corps!

We took this town by the force of arms and we've held by the force of peace;
And it's taken us most of twelve long years to scrub off the dirt and grease;
But we can sit in our comfort now, for we've seen our dreams come true —
And it wasn't the job that we came here for, but the work that we've staid to do!

We've long forgotten the clatter of hoofs and the cheers of the charging line;
The rattle and crash of small arms died along with the shrapnel's whine;

The thunder and peal of Dewey's fleet, and the chunk
of the side wheel boats
Have passed to the memory of youthful days, like the yells
that stick in our throats!

You'll find the rifles in the junk piles now, along with
the haversacks;
And the sentries' paths are grown with weeds while the
field guns rust in stacks.
Beyond the trenches of North Luzon where we laid our
dead in rows
We've scrubbed off the mud and rubbed in the blood 'till
only a faint stain shows!

There were no crowds with their wild applause, or music
to cheer our souls;
And the cables that sang of our deeds of war have yielded
no peace-time tolls;
We worked without hope of glory or gold — and we've
seen our dreams come true:
And we boast — not what we came here for — but the
work that we staid to do!

We gave the golden years of our youth and we're proud
of the sacrifice —
For over the ruin our own hands wrought we have seen
this miracle rise;

So it's ours to present, with a pardonable pride, as we sit
at our well-earned ease:
The Queen of the lower tier of the world, and the pearl
of the Southern Seas!"

OFFICER — AND GENTLEMAN

OH, they die for the good of the service, or they live
(on a laborer's pay!)
And they must go in a gentleman's style, or live in a gen-
teel way —
Stand up!
" Officers!
Gentlemen!"
Young they come to the colors; aye, young, and hearts so
brave —
And the years sit light to the last long fight, and old they
pass to the grave!

Perhaps his mother's kisses haven't dried upon his lips;
Perhaps he kneels and prays on going to bed.
Perhaps he's tender-footed, but I've seen him firmly rooted
And bossing a command that's mostly dead.

Perhaps he joined the service from a job in civil life;
Perhaps he rose, by working, from the ranks.
Perhaps he came from college, very shy on army knowl-
edge —
But he learns his lessons over and gives thanks.

Perhaps they've made his path a little rough
By ragging him a trifle now and then.

But when it comes to fighting and the bullets get to biting,
You'll see him giving lessons to his men.

Perhaps he's been a captain for the half his service life,
And beardless kids have jumped him many grades.
Perhaps he's disappointed and his temper's out-of-jointed,
As men must get when pay and prospect fades.

Perhaps he's many years of service in;
(He started with the war of Sixty-Two;)
Perhaps they've made him bitter, but they haven't made a quitter
While there's a job of fighting left to do —
Stand up!
"Officers!
Gentlemen!"
Oh, you'll die for the good of the service; but live in a gentleman's way;
And after awhile, in a gentleman's style, you'll draw a gentleman's pay.
Young you come to the colors, and old you'll pass to the grave —
An epitaph "In Duty's Path," and "All He Had He Gave."

NOSTALGIA

I'VE dreamed o' seas o' silver where the war boats lie asleep;
O' rivers like broad ribbons strung so gay acrost the land.
I've seen the hill-locked harbors where the cascoes slowly creep,
An' heard the voice o' wimmin' sayin' words I understand.

I've heard the gals a-poundin' rice wit' thumps like far-off guns;
The caraboa tramp through me dreams in sheets o' slantin' rain;
I see the lights spring up acrost the fields like dinky suns
An' heard the tinkle o' guitars that gives me heart a pain.

I dream o' ole Manila town a-squattin' by the Bay;
I've smelled the fresh-sea breezes an' the perfume o' the hills;
I've seen the Pasig river wit' the gugu kids at play
An' I've awakened very tired from dream-time thrills an' drills!

NOSTALGIA

Oh, I've been honin' for to see the soft-eyed mornin's lift
Like filmy curtains o'er the rice an' hear the wind sing low;
To see the dew-soaked flowers an' to feel God's gracious gift
O' life to me an' everything that wants to live an' grow!

Me nose is filled wit' perfume an' me heart wit' vague regret —
I'm longin' for the southern skies — for Leyte an' Cebu;
I'd love to see them Moro folks an' have a little sweat
A-steppin' off a sentry path an' kiddin' gals I knew!

I wake at night an' think I've felt me bunkie kick me slats;
I dream o' runnin' guard lines an' o' days o' fight an' fun;
I don't recall no weary hours on outpost battin' gnats —
But bless me boots an' body 'cause me days o' that are done!

Aye, bless me sister's ole black cat, I reads to-day wit' joy —
The army's got its quota an' it don't need any more;
An' let me tell you why that tickles Mrs. Casey's boy:
I've been a-hangin' down around the 'cruitin' office door!

THE MORO MAN

TH' Moro is a cur'ous bug, a cur'ous bug is he;
He builds his house on little stilts out o' a bamboo tree;
An' when he's tired o' livin' there an' wants ter move his shack
He makes his wife put down her wash an' moves it on her back!

CHORUS

But you mustn't hurt th' Moro, boys,
Or take away his gun;
For if you do you'll surely hear
From 'em at Washington.
You mustn't hurt th' Moro, boys;
He's jes' a little wild.
Oh, treat th' Moro gently, boys,
He's Uncle Sammy's child!

Th' Moro is a cheerful cuss; he never works at all;
He sits an' smokes a cigarette from springtime into fall;
He ain't so fond o' cleanliness — he ruther likes th' dirt —
An' all th' clo'es he has ter wear is jes' a little shirt!

THE MORO MAN

Th' Moro is a peaceful cuss; he never likes ter fight —
"Barai!" is th' Moro's word from mornin' until night.
He likes ter take a shot at us but jes' for practice sake —
Oh, do not hurt th' Moro, boys; you might keep him awake!

Th' Moro is a funny cuss, for when we gits our pay
He sells us anything he's got — an' steals it right away.
He pots us from th' underbrush or whacks us with a knife —
But you mustn't hurt th' Moro, boys, his children or his wife!

Th' Moro is a friendly cuss; it's jes' his little way
Ter shoot at us through half th' night — an' ginur'ly all day;
We catch him after chasin' him until we a'most faint;
He's friendly then till next day when th' chances is he ain't!

CHORUS

Oh, do not hurt th' Moro, boys;
He's Uncle Sammy's child;
An' when you speak be sure your tones
Are soft an' low an' mild;
Oh, do not mind his knife, my boys;
He's jes' a little riled;
An' do not hurt th' Moro, boys —
He's Uncle Sammy's child!

SENTRY-GO

"I LOVE a gu-r-r-r-l; a dear leetle gu-r-r-r-l —
She's all this wo-r-r-r-ld ter me!"

Fat-eyed idol, slobberin' tears,
Settin' by th' Peek-in wall;
Gazin' down th' empty years —
Nary brains in you a-tall!
Fat-eyed idol tell ter me —
Private Jenks from Kansas state —
What th' dickens do you see?
How much longer will you wait?

Fat-eyed idol 'f I wuz you —
You wuz me an' things wuz so —
Know th' fust thing I would do?
Betcher life I'd up an' go!
Betcher life I'd hurry back —
Back ter Kansas on th' Kaw —
Fat-eyed idol, fer a fack,
Best ole place you ever saw!

Sun a-shinin' there right now
On them fields o' wavin' corn —
Say! It's life behind a plow
Waitin' fer th' dinner horn!

SENTRY — GO

Work is only sorter play —
  Ain't no walkin' post at night,
Hearin' sounds ter make you gray
  No one lookin' fer a fight!

Fat-eyed idol, settin' there
  Warpin' in this heathen sun;
Don't suppose you even care —
  Heck! You never have no fun!
Never stirrin' from yer seat
  While th' heathens come an' go —
Floppin' at yer pagan feet —
  Fat-eyed idol you are slow!

Fat-eyed idol, you don't know
  What is love a single lick;
I wuz Ina Sawyer's beau —
    Ina lives acrost th' crick.
When I whistled Sunday nights
  She would meet me an' we'd go
Walkin' where there warn't no lights —
  Fat-eyed idol, you don't know!

Fat-eyed idol, slobberin' tears —
  Settin' by th' Peek-in wall —
Dry yer eyes an' wag yer ears,
  You ain't got no grief a-tall!

Think o' me from Kansas state!
  Grief? W'y say, my name is Grief!
Fat-eyed idol, you kin wait —
  Here comes Private Jenk's relief!

"I love a gu-r-r-r-l; a dear leetle gu-r-r-r-l —
She's all this wo-r-r-r-ld ter me!"

FIRST — AND LAST

WHEN th' lean line crouched for th' final charge
Then I seen his gills turn blue;
An' I seen him blink an' I seen him shrink —
But wot kin a sergeant do?
Oh, I heard him wheeze at th' bullets' sneeze,
An' I seen him dodgin' too;
His face wuz old an' his feet wuz cold —
But wot kin a sergeant do?

Then it's "Skirmishers, forward!"
An' th' guide is right —
Oh, th' bugle's callin', callin'.
Then: "Steady on th' left — an' start th' fight!"
"Oh, who's that fallin', fallin'?"
"Comp'ny — halt! Lie — down!"

When th' word come down an' we had to go,
An' th' fightin' line drove through;
Oh, I see him stop, an' I see him drop —
But wot kin a sergeant do?
I used th' boot an' I told him shoot —
(An' he shot th' best he knew;)
If his aim wuz bad, oh, his heart wuz sad —
But wot kin a sergeant do?

Then it's: " Load! " an' " Fire! "
  An' th' range is long;
But th' haze is driftin', driftin'.
  It's " Steady that left — an' keep it — strong! "
An' th' light is siftin', liftin'.
  " Comp'ny — rise! 'Vance by rushes! "

When th' lean line stopped from th' final charge
  I seen him — gills turned blue!
For there he lay on th' wicked day —
  But wot kin a sergeant do?
(Boo-hoo!)
Oh, he did his best, an' he got his rest —
  An' I've told you all I knew;
They said: " How brave! " as we dug his grave —
  An' wot kin a sergeant do?

  Then it's volleys three —
  An' spade him in!
Oh, th' bugle's sighin', sighin'.
  He'll never see parade agin —
An' a rooky's cryin', cryin'.
  " Comp'ny — 'tention! Stack — arms! "

GOING AND COMING

WHEN we went to Marishoa, warn't we feelin' gay,
Slippin' 'long th' dusty road an' singin' on th' way;
When we went to Marishoa, warn't we feelin' fine —
Eighty hoss, two hundred foot an' field guns in th' line:
(Marishoa is up a hill —
Marishoa is up there still —)
'Ray! We went to Marishoa feelin' pretty fine!

When we came from Marishoa, bringin' o' our dead,
Heads a-hangin' heavy an' our hearts as chunks o' lead;
When we come from Marishoa, not a song wuz heard —
Not a smilin' face we brought, not a cheerin' word —
(Marishoa is up a hill —
Marishoa is up there still —)
An' we left 'em layin' there with th' Chaplain's Word!

THE REAR GUARD

OH, we're only a part o' th' Rear Guard,
We're only th' column's tail;
They don't slap our backs when we checks th' attacks
But they give us th' deuce if we fail.
We're not to be figgered in action;
It gets us no credit to fight;
We're back o' th' crushes to stop th' rear rushes
An' stand on th' outposts all night.

CHORUS

Oh, who would belong to th' Rear Guard,
Th' Rear Guard, th' Rear Guard?
Oh, who would belong to th' Rear Guard
When they could be out in th' fight?

We're wearin' no medals o' Honor,
Our lot is to march in th' rear;
An' when there is trouble to do duty double
An' echo th' fightin' line's cheer.
Oh! We're only a part o' th' Rear Guard
A mile from th' Hero Advance —
We leave a few dead but th' fightin's ahead
An' our dead ones are only "a chance."

THE REAR GUARD

CHORUS

Oh, who would belong, etc.

Yes, we're only a part o' th' Rear Guard,
Our duty's to watch an' to wait;
Oh, our duty's behind an' we mustn't go blind,
An' never must waken too late.
We march an' we sweat uncomplainin',
We echo th' fightin' line's cheer —
We march at a " ready " an' holds our own steady
When trouble breaks out in th' rear.

CHORUS

Oh, who would belong, etc.

DATTO JAN

YER a charmin' sort o' critter,
Datto Jan.
Though you looks on us quite bitter
Datto Jan.
Our religion ain't th' same
An' our war's a different game —
But we've got you for to tame
Datto Jan.

CHORUS

Datto Jan, oh, Datto Jan, you may snipe us when you can
But you wouldn't be so bitter if you'd only understan'.
Though you hide out in th' grass jest to stick us as we pass,
We still looks on you some lovin', Datto Jan.

Oh, we piles you up with tracts,
Datto Jan.
An' we piles you up in stacks,
Datto Jan.
An' that ain't all yer to get,
Fer we'll 'similate you yet,
An' we'll also make you sweat,
Datto Jan.

DATTO JAN

CHORUS

Datto Jan, oh, Datto Jan, yer a mos' peculiar man,
You had better get religion er we'll keep you in th' pan;
You can't mind yer own affairs, so we'll help you out on shares;
You will hafter see it our way, Datto Jan.

You have got too many wives,
Datto Jan.
More'n mos' folks in their lives,
Datto Jan.
An' yer friends back in th' States
Hears them things wot we relates —
Makes 'em sorry fer yer mates,
Datto Jan.

CHORUS

Datto Jan, oh, Datto Jan, you will hafter understan'
That you can't be doin' business here upon th' Mormon plan.
Yer contentment with yer lot makes them state folks sum'at hot,
An' p'raps they're likewise jealous, Datto Jan.

Oh, we knows you hates our flag,
Datto Jan.
So we hunts you with a Krag,
Datto Jan.

Though you hides out alone
Out o' Uncle Sammy's zone
We still claims you fer our own,
Datto Jan.

CHORUS

Datto Jan, oh, Datto Jan, yer a man wot's got some sand,
An' you orter hear 'em pray fer you in Uncle Sammy's land.
Oh, they'll show you at th' fairs an' they'll double up them prayers
While we chases you with guns, Datto Jan.

Don't you tells us wot you need,
Datto Jan.
With yer morals run to seed,
Datto Jan.
Fer we'll send school ma'ams galore —
Marry 'em an' send some more,
Don't ferget we've got a store,
Datto Jan.

CHORUS

Datto Jan, oh, Datto Jan, you will hafter understan'
That you ain't a Moro any more but a American.
You mus' learn how to behave er we'll shove you in a grave,
An' there ain't no use in kickin', Datto Jan.

"EYES O' THE ARMY"

SCOUTS

OH, it's us that says no partin'
When th' flyin' column's startin';
It's us that speaks no bye-byes to th' fellers on th' road.
Oh, it's us that moves in quiet
Findin' death an' slidin' by it;
For silence is th' watchword where th' gapin' graves are sowed.

Oh, it's us that does no shoutin';
(There's no chargin' when you're scoutin');
It's us that looks a mile ahead an' sees a mile behind.
Oh, it's us that does no shootin'
But we keeps th' distance scootin';
It's us they calls th' army's eyes, but mostly we're its mind.

It's us that's made o' leather
Ridin' lighter than a feather;
It's us that's shy o' clothin' and it's us that's short o' chuck.
Oh, it's us that never lingers,
An' it's us who speaks by fingers —
It's us that sees th' bullets an' it's us that's trained to duck.

"EYES O' THE ARMY"

It's us who live astraddle,
(Grabbin' all our sleep in saddle);
It's us that's just ahead o' night an' in advance o' day.
Oh, it's us who do th' lookin'
An' th' fightin' dates a-bookin'—
Oh, it's us who die in whispers not to give our moves away.

TO THE COLORS

IT isn't on th' firin' line you feel th' battle thrill,
An' it isn't dodgin' bullets wot you know are meant to kill;
An' it isn't when the bandmen play some patriotic air
That you feel th' fever in yer blood an' wanter rip an' tear —
But let th' ole familiar break come in th' tune they play;
A silence for a moment an' you hear th' captain say:
"Port Arms!" an' then th' air is split as though by shrapnel shell —
"To th' colors!" sing th' bugles an' it's then you wanter yell!

Some strange sensation 'pears to lurk in them short jerky notes;
A funny kind o' feelin' brings th' cheer inter yer throats;
It's a fighty kind o' music an' we'd tackle all th' world
When th' bugles give us notice that th' flag has been unfurled;
When th' band has stopped a moment an' when everything is still
Except th' sound o' scrapin' feet — then comes th' battle thrill —
When th' bugles, soft beginnin' — but th' notes take up th' swell —
A-singin' "To th' colors!" an' it's then you wanter yell!

A SONG FROM SULU

WITH a bolo knife an' a great big kreese
An' a rifle shinin' new;
Th' Moro he goes huntin' Peace
An' a soldier boy or two —
(He likes 'em best by two!)

Oh, he warshes clean an' he chants a prayer,
An' he sings his do-se-do;
Then he starts off on a howlin' tear
An' he heads for Soldiers' Row —
(He likes that Soldiers' Row!)

You outs with a gun an' shoots him through,
But he only waves his kreese;
He never minds a shot or two
When he is huntin' Peace —
(He loves that quiet Peace!)

Oh, he slashes through a company
Like he was cuttin' cheese;
Th' capting sez consolingly
"Don't hurt him, if you please!"
("He's harmless, if you please!")

He sez he's harmless, if you please,
  As he goes carvin' through;
Before you've had th' time to sneeze
  He's got an ear or two;
  (He likes 'em best by two!)

With his bolo knife an' a great big kreese
  An' a rifle shinin' new —
Oh, give th' gentle Moro Peace
  As he goes slashin' through —
  (He'll fight unless you do!)

CHRISTMAS IN SAMAR

I'D like to see th' fellers sittin' 'round Bill Mason's store,
A-swappin' lies an' tellin' yarns to fairly make you roar.
I'd like to see 'em sittin'
Discussin' an' a-spittin'
Terbacky juice upon th' stove an' also on th' floor.
Hey!
Say!
I guess you never sot around an' tole them lies galore!

I'd like to see th' snow a-driftin' through th' ghosty trees
A-bringin' word o' Sandy Claws on every crimpy breeze.
I'd like to hear 'er blowin',
I'd like to see 'er snowin'
'Till all th' drifts an' medder lanes is filled up to th' knees;
Hey!
Say!
An' gittin' cold an' colder 'till yer marrer's like to freeze!

I'd like to see th' folks all gathered sittin' down to eat —
Oh! Wouldn't I jest like to be a-holdin' down a seat!

A-hearin' o' th' blessin',
Then stuffin' turk an' dressin' —
An' toppin' off with punkin pie an' apple cider sweet!
Hey!
Say!
My mother's golden punkin pies hev never yet been beat!

I'd like to see ole Paw an' Maw an' Sister an' th' rest —
An' Emmy Marthy Martin, y-e-s, I'd like to see her best.
I'd like to see her smilin',
I'd like to go a-pilin'
With her a-huntin' through th' barn, pretendin' for a nest!
Hey!
Say!
It *is* that Emmy Martin, but I wonder how you guessed!

I'd like to see some country where th' sun don't allus shine;
I'd like to be a million miles from off th' firin' line;
Where th' sun ain't allus hot
An' no one's never shot —
An' niggers ain't a-layin' 'round to split you up th' spine.
Hey!
Say!
Them ain't no tears, gol durn it all; don't think you've ketched me cryin'!

WHEN GOD FORGOT

ONCT God forgot a moment an' left th' lid off Hell,
And th' Nineteenth Horse jest a foot away in radius o' th' smell.
'Twuz up in front o' Baliuag *
Where we wuz mired in Death's black bog,
An' them fumes from Hell raised quite a fog —
(Which wuz bad for th' Nineteenth Horse.)

From left to right ole Del Pilar wuz closin' his forces in;
An' we wuz jest a-waitin' there for our slaughter to begin;
We'd bit off more'n we could chew,
An' didn't know zackly what to do,
An' things wuz lookin' mighty blue
For the good ole Nineteenth Horse.

Ammunition almost out, an' men a-goin' fast;
A mortal cinch it wuz to all that we weren't long to last.
Left to right 'twuz poppety-pop,
Th' gun-bolts goin' choppety-chop;
An' every time some un'd drop —
(Which wuz bad for th' Nineteenth Horse.)

Say! Have you ever shaken hands an' said "good day" to death?

* Pronounced "Bally-wog."

WHEN GOD FORGOT

Have you ever been so clost to Hell you smelt th' sulphur
breath?
Heard yer requiem in th' air?
Breezes singin' yer funeral prayer?
Say! Have you ever yet been there?
Th' same as the Nineteenth Horse?

Why, Death seemed so darned neighborly we almost had
to grin;
No reinforcements in twenty miles an' Pilar closin' in;
An' our nerve had busted under th' load,
Quit like a balkin' mule'n th' road;
Laid there, jest as if we'd growed,
Did th' good ole Nineteenth Horse.

Sudden some one off to th' left started in for to sing;
A tenor voice a-risin' out above th' bullets' zing.
"Nearer My God to Thee," th' air;
A tenor voice so rich an' rare,
Singin' as if without a care,
On th' left o' th' Nineteenth Horse.

A rooky kid it wuz that sang, a delicate white-faced lad;
Scared he wuz when th' firin' broke, an' scared mos'
fearful bad.
Sang, I guess, to drown his fears,
Sang to keep back frightened tears,
An' singin' scares fright better'n cheers —
(As is proved in th' Nineteenth Horse.)

Even th' firin' out in front died away at the air,
An' all th' fellers half raised up to listen an' to stare.
Louder still them sweet tones rang —
" E'en though it be a cross," he sang;
An' every feller felt a pang —
(Which wuz strange for th' Nineteenth Horse.)

Then somehow some one else joined in, an' somehow, one by one,
Th' whole blamed line had took it up before th' song wuz done.
Tough ole cusses there I see
Singin' — each in a different key —
An' a bum note sounded some like me —
(That's a joke in th' Nineteenth Horse.)

Now, somehow that ole homely hymn give us a battle thrill;
An' some one yelled: " Come on, you men, there's some fight in you still! "
Out we doubled on th' jump,
Shootin' fast as we could pump;
An' Pilar's nerve took quite a slump —
(Which wuz good for th' Nineteenth Horse!)

I never have eggzackly heard jest what ole Pilar thought;
But if his men don't know no hymns, by grab, it's time they ought!

We made their holes almighty hot;
An' left a few o' them to rot,
An' chast th' rest around a lot —
(In th' style o' th' Nineteenth Horse!)

Now, we thought, you see, God had forgot an' left th' lid off Hell,
An' that is th' time th' Nineteenth Horse got a whiff o' th' sulphur smell.
But we found His 'tention still on us,
An' He helped us out in that little fuss —
Else they'd a-been a fearful muss
O' th' good ole Nineteenth Horse.

THE TRUST OF THE YELLOW MAN

DID you never hear o' th' Yellow Man an' th' trust o' th' Yellow Man?
An' th' shame that came to ole C Troop from th' blow o' a Yellow Hand?
Listen, an' you can understand th' soldiers' ban on th' Yellow Man —
Hark an' heed th' squad room tale o' th' trust o' th' Yellow Man!

Up where ole Mount Yako tears a hole in th' azure sky,
Where you hangs yerself on th' edge o' a cloud to keep yer clothin' dry;
Up on th' eyebrow o' that hill where th' golden eagle wheels
Fled th' ladrone Maximo, an' we rode at his heels.
For a feller down in Washington —
(A kind of an idiot son-of-a-gun —)
Had said that C troop was th' one
To stick to Maximo's heels.

Now onct when we wuz in barracks an' a Portugee sailor chap
Wuz abusin' a Chinese coolie, with many a kick an' slap —

Just a miserable coolie; an' our anger riz at th' sight —
So we took th' part o' th' Yellow Man an' he turned an' made a fight.

Now a Yellow Man ain't like a white,
For he's easier to yield to might —
But his teeth has got a nasty bite
When he turns an' makes a fight.

An' only by words we urged him on but words give lots o' cheer;
An' th' Yellow Man's fight filled th' Portugee's heart with a chillin' cowardly fear;
Then th' Yellow Man grinned his thanks to us; went grinnin' on his way —
An' we all forgot th' Yellow Man until that later day —

Th' day that's written for us in red;
Th' day th' army speaks with dread;
Th' day we counted by scores our dead —
An' that wuz th' Yellow Man's day!

Up we climbed on Yako, scared eagles takin' wing;
Up, up, until we almost thought we'd hear th' angels sing;
An' when we wuz near th' top o' th' peak an' th' Province o' Sulucan
Spread like a map beneath our feet we came on th' Yellow Man.

Face he had like a skeleton's head;
Starved an' frightened, nearly dead;
Eyin' us in nervous dread
Was th' miserable Yellow Man.

A coolie he'd been for Maximo; in heathen signs he told
How he'd been robbed by the ladrone chief of a scanty store o' gold;
Robbed to his very sandals an' left on th' trail to die —
We trusted his monkeyish yellow face as he told us his yellow lie.

Robbed by Maximo, he said;
Robbed an' beaten; left for dead —
Prayed for mercy; prayed for bread —
As he told us his yellow lie.

We give him half o' what we had, an' we didn't have much to give;
But we figgered that even a Yellow Man has got some right to live.
An' he showed us welts where Maximo's whip had left his hide blood red —
An' called in his heathen lingo his curse on the ladrone's head.

Signed that he would show us where
Maximo had his robber lair;
An' we didn't doubt him, not a hair —
Our curse on his yellow head!

Twenty miles, said th' Yellow Man, just twenty miles to go,
An' not th' slightest danger in th' way that he would show;
An' louder still he made his prayer for revenge on th' robber band —
(Now this is th' way o' th' shame that came from th' blow o' a Yellow Hand!)
Twenty miles wuz what he said;
Twenty miles, by Joss' head —
An' so we follered where he led —
Follered th' Yellow Man.

All day long we pounded on through th' mountains o' Sulucan;
All day long we followed on in th' wake o' th' Yellow Man.
An' he grinned his gratitude to us an' we grinned back at him,
Suggestin' plans for th' robbers' fate in a manner ruther grim;
An' everyone looked to his cartridge belt —
For even th' rooky troopers felt
That a tellin' blow would soon be dealt —
An' th' ladrones chance wuz slim.

An' we wuz deaf to our trainin's wisdom, an' blind to our years o' sight —

THE TRUST OF THE YELLOW MAN

That he who trusts in a Yellow Man shall know a Yellow Blight;
But on we spurred our hosses through th' mountains o' Sulucan —
Follerin' up an' follerin' on in th' wake o' th' Yellow Man.

Climbin' up on crag an' knob —
A slippin', swearin', sweatin' mob —
An' th' tired rookies 'd almost sob
As we follered th' Yellow Man.

An' just as night wuz closin' in we rode through a river bed,
An' th' Yellow Man seemed to vanish in th' darkness out ahead;
An' then an' only then it wuz we knew that we'd been trapped —
For it seemed that Hell had opened an' a thousand firebolts snapped.

Then we knew th' Yellow Man lied —
When we got it hot from every side —
An' many a man in that first fire died —
As Hell about us wrapped!

All night long we laid an' fought as only trapped men can;
All night long we heard th' voice o' th' treacherous Yellow Man;

Givin' commands to th' ladrone band an' showin' a leader's head—
An' all night long we fought 'em back an' dead piled up on dead;
Fought 'em from th' ragin' flood;
Fought 'em from th' banks o' mud —
Th' water red-dyed with our blood
An' dead piled up on dead.

Not many are left in ole C troop that wuz caught in that river bed —
(For th' ladrones tell their children how we made a dam o' our dead;)
Not many a trooper can tell to-day th' tale o' that final stand —
How we fought 'em off there, back to back, an' fought 'em hand to hand!
(Or th' form our vengeance later took —
A mango tree with a Yellow Man shook —
But it's all writ down in th' officers' book —
Th' tale o' that final stand!)

Many a grave is seen to-day in th' Province o' Sulucan;
Many a mound is there to mark our trust in th' Yellow Man;
Mebbe now you can understand th' soldiers' ban on th' Yellow Man —
For an army learned a lesson from our trust o' th' Yellow Man.

THE SERGEANT'S PRAYER

NOW, God, just listen a moment: there's Carroll an' Kelly an' me;
We're the last o' the scoutin' detachment, an' the fightin' is up to us three.
Now, God, You know I'm no prayist, an' I haven't bespoken You much,
But it strikes me the time has arriven when we oughta get somewhat in touch.

Now, God, we're huntin' no favors; we asks but a good even break;
Our lives have gone into the dice-box; You give us a roll when You shake;
They've got the advantage, that's certain — it's three to a hundred or more —
We've muddled it somehow — but take it — an' Lord! won't the Captain be sore!

I know that Carroll's a pagan, an' Kelly, I'm fearin', is worse —
But I wisht, if You can, You won't notice whenever they happen to curse.
'Cause, God, though they're wicked, I need 'em; an' kindly don't take 'em away —
They shoot like the devil in action if they are ruther dubs on the pray!

Now, God, you stand by an' You watch us; we may prove a strikin' surprise —
They've got us outnumbered a little, so we're trimmin' 'em down to our size;
You umpire — but watch Your decisions — and try for to see the plays right;
Don't help us, but don't help the gu-gu's — stand by for a hell of a fight!

Yes, God, as I say, I'm not prayful, but, anyway, I'm some sincere —
(Them rifles kick up such a racket You hardly kin hear.)
There's Carroll an' Kelly, they're heathens, but notice 'em here at my side —
An' if you are asked did I pray, God, just mention, please, Sir, that I tried.

An' Carroll an' Kelly, please watch em' — their sins ain't so many, I guess;
I know 'em as pretty good geezers; they've shared me my blankets an' mess;
We're askin' no favors of no one; we're huntin' no tears — nor a cheer;
But, God, don't You help out the others — an', kind God, please notice our rear.

An', God, though my words seem some tangled an' my prayin' may sound ruther strange,

Remember I'm bein' some hurried, an' tryin' to locate
their range;
An' Carroll an' Kelly are pagans — but, Lord, don't
forget they're my chums —
You'll find 'em as game as they make 'em — an' ready
for Death when he comes!

Then thankin' you, God, for attention, please give us
the best that You can —
We're willin' to die if we have to — but we each want to
go like a man!
An' if we're to go we would like it — Carroll an' Kelly
an' me —
To go in a bunch, all together — if You'll kindly find
quarters for three!

"DIXIE"

(John Blank, a member during the Civil War of Morgan's Raiders, died. . . . With his dying breath he hummed the air to "Dixie" — News item.)

ROLL back the close drawn curtain of years; he lives
in another day;
He's riding again with Morgan's men, into the thick of
the fray.
Roll back the curtain, he lives again in the midst of the
battle smoke;
He hears the crash of the musketry; sees the flash of the
saber stroke.
Booted and spurred he is in the charge, riding there with
the van
While the trumpets call and brave men fall; hears the
music of the band —
"In Dixie land I'll take my stand."

Beyond the curtain he sees the glint of the waving stars
and bars;
As he rides again with Morgan's men, a Southern son
of Mars.
The clash of steel and the horses' hoofs ring music to
his ears —
And high above the battle roar he hears the rebel cheers.

"DIXIE"

"To the charge!" the bugles sing to him as the vision
fades away —
And the band shrills out that same old air it played in
another day —
"I'll live and die for Dixie."

Let fall the curtain; the music is hushed; for him the
battle is done;
The clamor of arms has died away; for him the victory
is won.
Mustered out, his name will appear on the Great First
Sergeant's roll;
While his deeds of the past live on and on in earthly
screed and scroll;
Let fall the curtain, but let the band in solemn cadence
play
The old, old air that cheered him on, back in that other
day —
"Away, away, away!"

SAILING ORDERS

WE'RE goin' back; we're goin' back; th' orders come to-day;
We're goin' to hit th' outward track that leads Manila way.
Hi! Listen, you, Juanita!
Oh, hear this, you, Chiquita!
We're comin' back to see you where th' tropic breezes play!

Kiss us, Belle an' Betsy, we're a-goin';
Press us clost, you won't have us for long.
Don't you hear them sweet-tongued bugles blowin',
Tearin' out that sailin' orders song?
Bye-bye, Jane and Nellie, we must leave you,
For our hearts has heard th' stronger call;
Adios! O' course, we hates to grieve you —
We'll come back some day to see you all!

Hark! You hear them ole church chimes a-ringin',
Smell th' breath o' incense in th' air;
Listen! You kin hear them maidens singin'
As they troop their way to mornin' prayer.
Don't you feel th' touch o' perfumed breezes
As sweetheart's touch on lover's cheek must feel?
Cram 'er, capt'in, till th' ole tub wheezes —
See th' waves a-dashin' 'neath th' keel!

Juana, Pabalita an' Dolores,
  See yer soljer boys a-coming back
For to tell you all them same ole stories —
  Pete an' Bill an' Sam an' Joe an' Jack.
Kiss us; tell us you are glad to see us —
  Them wot's left, for some have gone away;
Glad to love us while yer brothers tree us —
  Hi! We're comin' back, an' some will stay!

GENTLEMEN OF JEOPARD

WHEN MEN DIE

I'VE seen 'em die in bed with a nurse to pat the head —
A priest to give 'em solace, and some incense when they're dead;
But if they've time to think ere they drop beyond the brink
A woman's face comes to them and a woman's name is said.

I have seen them go away before they'd time to say
A single word; men good and bad, who died at work or play.
But could we search the mind, treasured there we'd surely find
A woman's face; a woman's name they'd meant to speak some day.

BALLAD OF FRENCH GEORGE

REPORTER for the Mornin' Mail? Well, this is what I see —
(We're waitin' for the wagon an' the coroner an' cops;)
French George was buyin' drinks for us an' spendin' money free —
I hears a noise like " blowie! " An' then French George he drops.

You know, George has a line o' cribs an' twenty gals or more;
He wears four carat diamonds an' he drives a big machine —
That's Georgie, yonder, dyin' on a rotten dirty floor —
His eyes a-rollin' upward an' his face a-turnin' green!

He stood here buyin' booze for us an' braggin' by the hour;
No decent guy would listen, but y'see we all are broke;
He cracked about his money an' his wimmin an' his power —
French George, who wallers yonder, an' who's just about to croak.

BALLAD OF FRENCH GEORGE

A kid not half as tall as me — a furriner I'd say
Steps up to George a-standin' here an' says to him, so low:
"Where is my seester, meester?" An' French George he laffs so gay —
"She's gone away, you funny boy," says George; "that's all I know."

Well, this kid he has a hatchet, w'ich French George he did not see;
(An' no one else around here ever saw one put to use —)
The kid he swung this hatchet an' he swung it from his knee —
He copped French George upon the sconce an' split him like a goose!

Well, French George has got a line o' cribs, so someone bought a drink —
An' someone else he took the kid and chased him out the rear;
An' while French George is dyin' there we're tryin' hard to think
W'ich way the feller went so we can give them bulls the steer.

W'y, sure, we called the wagon — within an hour or so —
An' hunted for a doctor, 'bo, but couldn't find a one;

The kid ran east, or north, or west, or maybe south, y'know —
I don't know w'ich direction but I know that he could run!

An' so French George is on his way, his diamonds, dough and such —
Ain't worth two whoops in Hell, 'bo, an' just stick it in your squibs
That all his pull down at the hall won't git him very much
When he comes to settle for them gals an' for that line o' cribs.

" THE MAN WHO CAN'T GO BACK "

I'VE seen him down in Borneo, a-workin' in a store;
Half naked, an' most starved to death he looked;
I've seen him strut in Paris when he had the dough galore,
An' as an able seaman seen him booked.
An' always when I see him he has the same ole say;
He speaks o' home an' wants the news about the U. S. A.—
An' hums a little ballad w'ich the burden o' his lay
Is " Some day when I go home! "

CHORUS —
" Some day when I go home; some day when I turn back;
Some day you'll hear me; some day you'll cheer me
Marchin' down the ole home track!
Some day — a Monday; some day — a Sunday —
Some day I'm goin' home! "

I've seen him in the Argentine, a jockey for his meals —
(You mind he rode for Baldwin long ago?)
I've seen him on the Panama an' heard his soft appeals
At Juarez, where he'd let his whiskers grow.
An' always when I see him I find he dreams a dream
O' home, w'ich is the States, you know, an' o' a silver gleam

O' lights that crown the cities an' he lets off all his steam
On "Some day when I go home!"

CHORUS — *"Some day, etc."*

I've seen him down in Algiers, in the Frenchman's foreign corps;
I've seen him in Alaska, froze to death;
He worked an automatic in Estrada's rag-tag war
An' helped Spain run the Sultan out o' breath.
It makes no difference where you're from; it may be Ioway —
An' he from Maine, he'll want to talk about the U. S. A.,
An' always, over an' over, the burden o' his lay
Is "Some day when I go home!"

CHORUS —

I've watched him dealin' seconds in a Red Sea liner's game;
I've seen him kneel in Rome, as if at prayer;
I've watched him go it fast an' loose, with some fair, furrin' dame —
An' sidestep many, an' many a well laid snare.
He's just outside the statute an' the extradition law;
He's quick on sizin' strangers, an' quicker on the draw —
But quicker still in loosenin' the rein upon his jaw
On "Some day when I go home!"

CHORUS —

I've seen him fight a dozen men around a German park,
  In rough house style, the way he's learned to do;
Because some one o' them had made an innocent remark
  About the stars an' stripes, an' made him blue.
He's walloped docks at Lisbon, an' I've seen him eat a
    meal
With natives in Tahiti, but I never heard him squeal
About his fate, he only pulls that never endin' spiel
  O' "Some day when I go home!"

CHORUS —

THE BOY SHE USED TO KNOW

TIMES when he comes staggering home, breathing a wicked curse;
Out of the drums of the midnight slums, empty of soul and purse;
She waits for him with a patient smile, and her eyes so plainly show
That she sees in him not the wreck we see, but a boy she used to know.

Times when he's broken in pride and health and the world says, "Failure, here."
And he sidles through life with the fear of strife that the beaten men always fear;
She doesn't see what the world must see, that he's dropped to a depth so low —
And her eyes light up with the light of love for the boy she used to know.

Times, maybe, when the prison doors have closed on his worthless back,
And they've cried his name and his brand of shame to the world in a wild attack;
She waits for him with that patient smile through the years that tread so slow —
And she sees in him in his bitterest hour the boy she used to know.

She looks on him with the eyes that saw his charm in the
time of youth;
In the golden days when they planned their ways, and
his words were the words of truth;
She waits for him and she prays for him as she prayed in
the long ago,
For she sees in him not the man we see, but the boy she
used to know.

THE PICK AND SHOVEL BRIGADE

WE march to the marks o' the blue print sharks, an' the tune o' commands profane,
As our captains drive us wit' pick handle swords in the heat an' the blindin' rain;
We're takin' the trenches along the route wherever the expert steers —
An' we're first in the firin' line o' work at the heels o' the engineers;
Blizzard an' snow an' the heat o' below —
Wherever the expert steers;
Our lines fight through wit' a loud "whoo-roo!"
At the heels o' the engineers!

Our uniforms are a greasy blue, an' our haversacks battered pails;
Our flag is a dirty square o' red that's planted where danger hails —
An anarchist red which marks the spot that the experts eye wit' dread,
That we discover an' show so plain wit' our flag — an' a couple o' dead!
Shovel an' pick — a laugh at ole Nick
As we fight for our daily bread;
Look out for our flag — that dirty red rag
That marks the place o' our dead!

THE PICK AND SHOVEL BRIGADE

We charge to the roar o' a dynamite blast an' the music
o' fallin' rock;
Our lines swing first through the New-Found-Ways
while the earth still shakes from the shock;
Mountains to move an' rivers to change — or a job on
a railroad grade
Bobbin' ahead at the far-flung front are the men o' our
queer brigade.
First we go wit' our ole " yee-ho "
By the maps that the experts made;
It's a good, tight fit through paths unlit
On the line o' our queer brigade.

Biddy an' Marreuch stay home, an' they wait 'till our
crew comes back;
(Some o' us come on shutters, too, from the mill an' the
hill an' track;)
An' Biddy an' Marreuch pack the pails an' watch the
flag o' our corps,
An' weep, as wimmin o' soldiers do, when we come back
from the war!
Broken an' hurt an' covered with dirt —
From the field where the rock slides roar;
They ain't no cheers, but plenty o' tears
When we come home from the war!

You'll find our strange corps over the world, wit' our
pails an' picks in hand,

THE PICK AND SHOVEL BRIGADE

Ready to move an' ready to do in any ole part o' the land.
Down in the sewers an' subways, too, we fight for a dollar a day —
An' few o' us speak in the same ole tongue, but we sweat in the same ole way!
Dago an' Mick wit' shovel an' pick
That rattle a tune so gay;
We talk by signs on the workin' lines
But we sweat in the same ole way!

A DIVORCE PROBLEM

I'M givin' her bonds worth millions; Dell's a quiet old girl;
And she knows that I've worked a lifetime, and how I'm wantin' my whirl.
And I guess if she reads the papers — they've roasted me to a crisp —
She knows I'm goin' to Paris with a female will-o-the-wisp.
But my lawyers say when they told her she took my terms with a nod;
"Tell him," she said, "it's settled — but what will he say to God?"

Well, I ain't so religious, that's certain; but you see I know what she meant;
And it's carried me back to the eighties, when we started without a cent.
A cottage over in Brooklyn, and pickin's were mighty slim,
But Dell she was long on layin' the most of her trust in Him.
And we dreamed when I'd be a builder — I started carryin' a hod —
And Dell hung onto the money, along with her faith in God.

Many a short cut offered, but I followed a woman's whim.
For Dell she was always warnin': "What would we say to Him?"
So I came by my money honest, my conscience clear as a bell —
A bit o' fear of Him in my heart that came from a life with Dell.
But now that she's asked the question it's given my mind a prod —
Even though Dell has said all right — what will I say to God?

BALLAD OF HOP LOOEY

A-LAYIN' in a hop joint an' a-smokin' of yen shee
Hop Looey tole this tale to me, to me he sez, sez he:
"Don't never trust a woman fer to do a thing fer you;
Don't never trust a woman fer she'll turn you if you do";
An' this is wot Hop Looey tole, he sez to me, sez he —
A-layin' in a hop joint an' a smokin' of yen shee.

Back yonder in that Chiny land along the Ho-Ang-Ho
There is a purty little town, the w'ich he usta know;
Back yonder in that little town he lived a happy life
Until he comes to buy a gal to be his lovin' wife —
Along the Ho-Ang-Ho —
Ho ho! Ho ho! Ho ho!
He comes to buy Miss Almond Eyes to be his lovin' wife!

Six thousand bucks she cost him an' he had the price to pay —
The w'ich he had been savin' up agin a rainy day;
He sez the gal wuz worth it, an' he shorely oughta know
The scale o' female prices down along the Ho-Ang-Ho —
Along the Ho-Ang-Ho —
Ho ho! Ho ho! Ho ho!
Fer wimmin come to somethin' down along the Ho-Ang-Ho!

(He tells this tale to me; a-lookin' wise at me —
A-layin' in a hop joint an' a-smokin' of yen shee.)

His daddy wuz a widder man, his mammy bein' dead —
His daddy blessed the weddin' of them by the Joss' head;
An' punk sticks burned some freely an' everyone wuz glad —
An' most of all, Hop Looey sez, wuz Looey's widder dad.
Upon the Ho-Ang-Ho
He laughs a loud "Ho ho!"
An' give to them his blessin' did Hop Looey's widder dad.

(Most glad his dad, sez he; a-lookin' wise at me —
A-layin' in a hop joint an' a-smokin' of yen shee!)

Next mornin' Loo finds out his dream is somewhat to the bad —
It seems his bloomin' little wife has run off with his dad!
They took a boat fer Hong Kong an' they sails fer Frisco — Oh
Hop Looey's heart wuz mighty sad back on the Ho-Ang-Ho —
Upon the Ho-Ang-Ho
They laughs a loud "Ho ho!"
A-leavin' Looey mighty sad back on the Ho-Ang-Ho!

(Hop Looey sez he wuz so sad he wept most tearfully —
He tells me as he takes the hook to scrape some more yen shee.)

BALLAD OF HOP LOOEY

He follers them to Frisco an' he makes an orful roar
To find them livin' happy, an' they keeps a little store;
They keeps a little store, they does; he gives them no surprise —
An' sad to say they makes him pay fer everything he buys.
They laughs the same "Ho ho!"
As upon the Ho-Ang-Ho —
They even doubles up sometimes on prices when he buys.

(He tells this tale to me a-lookin' wise at me —
A-layin' in a hop joint an' a-smokin' of yen shee.)

Six thousand bucks she cost him an' that same he now is shy —
They won't allow him credit when he comes around to buy;
They won't allow him credit an' he feels it mighty bad
A-figgerin' he wuz buncoed by the maiden an' his dad —
Along the Ho-Ang-Ho —
Ho ho! Ho ho! Ho ho!
Fer wimmin come to somethin' even on the Ho-Ang-Ho!

(He tells this tale to me; a-lookin' wise at me
Before he drops to gentle sleep a-smokin' of yen shee!)

THE SONG OF THE EXILES

Arizona — 1912

OUR dreams are dreams of the big white lane, and
the glories of glittering lights;
Our themes are themes of the crowds we knew and our
stories of brilliant nights;
And our minds dwell long on the star-set hours, and the
things that we used to do
As we muse on the time of our health and youth and
pray that our dreams come true —
And we chant a prayer at eventide
As we watch the stars in their splendor ride
Over the world for which we've sighed —
"Lord, be with us,
Stay with us!"

We march by the Sunset Limiteds and we camp at the
Mission Inns —
Our flag is the Red Cross flag of hope and our hope that
the best man wins;
So we spend our time in the house tent kraals, with our
thin lines faced to the foe
And we greet the night as the time of dreams of the days
that we used to know.

Yet we pray as we face the rising sun
And the hours of the day begin to run:
"Lord, Oh, Lord, Thy will be done —
Be with us,
Stay with us!"

Our doctor-generals have kept our camps flung wide
'neath the Southwest skies;
And we've fought our batteries of great resolve with a
courage that never dies;
So we spend our time on the sun-splashed plain that the
healing South Wind sweeps —
And each morning that marshals our thin reserves finds
our dreams lying dead in heaps!
So we kneel when darkness comes, and pray— 2
(There's very little that we can say;)
"Lord, Oh, Lord, Give us this day —
Be with us,
Stay with us!"

JUDGE BARLEYCORN

OLE Judge Barleycorn he presides over the District o' Down an' Out;
Jurisdiction beyond the Poles an' a little o' Hell I have no doubt.
Maybe the warden's books don't show but the warden knows that his job was born
Out o' the District o' Down an' Out an' the jurisdiction o' Barleycorn!

Ole Judge Barleycorn he's severe; Misery his bailiff an' Woe his clerk;
Draws his jurors from Fathers' Sins; capable men for the judge's work.
Maybe the warden's books don't show but the warden's wise an' he understands
Ninety per cent. of his people come from the judge's district an' the judge's hands.

Who are the witnesses? Rise an' stand! Alcohol, in a dull brocade;
Wine an' Wimmin an' a bad ole Song pass to the desk in a sad parade.
Who the attorneys? Death for the State; Tears for the prisoner all forlorn —
(No defense from the prisoners' dock goes in the court o' Barleycorn.)

JUDGE BARLEYCORN

Never a quibble o' laws unwrit; never a charge but the charge "Did Wrong"—
Ole Judge Barleycorn sets an' frowns; pities the weak an' singes the strong.
Hearks to the pleas o' I-Regret or Wimmin's Tears wit' a look o' scorn —
Better a cry o' Never Again when they come to the court o' Barleycorn.

The warden credits 'em "Judges-This," "Judges-That"; however styled
They know blame well that their sentences came long before the charge was filed.
Blood on their hands an' blood in their hearts; haunted by fear an' conscience torn —
Maybe the warden's books don't show but they came from the court o' Barleycorn!

THE ONE-CHANCE MEN

(COAL MINE INSPECTORS)

MAIN North vomits a fearful roar, and seventy men
are down in the hole;
Dagoes, Japs, and a nigger or two, but probably never
a living soul —
Probably not — but there may be One — is there a man
who will go and see?
Swinging a safety lamp he comes, and, God, what a man
of men is he!
Overalled, capped, and a querulous grin;
Ducking his head as he dives in —
Slapping aside the weeping girls: " Don't let them follow
me! "
Into the dismal pit he goes,
By the light of the lamp that faintly shows
Where the dead lie dead in mournful rows —
God! What a man a man can be!

Oxygen-helmeted the experts come, picking their way
with expert care;
Far ahead in the aching gloom they hear the inspector
loudly swear;
Over the rock falls, into the rooms, where the roof still
trembles so dangerously —

THE ONE-CHANCE MEN

God and the state have sent a man, and, God, what a man is he!
Hair singed gray by the fires of Death —
Lungs corroded by the noisome breath
Of a hundred mines and a thousand times when he earned his salary;
Over the walls of the treacherous shale;
Ears sharp set for a human hail —
On he goes down the Death wind's trail —
God! what a man a man can be!

Main North's mouth breathes the breath of Hell, and its guts are rotted with afterdamp —
But God and the state send a man to see, and he goes looking with a safety lamp;
Death lurks there, but it hides its face from a man who passes so carelessly —
Poking his light in its very eyes — God, what a man of men is he!
Grease and grime to the roots of his hair;
Blear-eyed, bleeding as he tests the air;
Tests the roof and tests the walls and notes where the dead must be;
On through the Hell-rimmed hole he creeps,
Where the mules are lying in six-team heaps;
Dodging the falls by quick-turned leaps —
God! what a man a man can be!

THE ONE-CHANCE MEN

It's a hundred to one chance never a man has lived for a
moment after the blast —
But the mine inspector's a One-Chance-Man, and he fol-
lows that chance to the very last;
And the women pray at the mouth of the pit as the dead
file out so mournfully —
While down in the depths he toils for them — God, what
a man of men is he!
Listens and prays for a human cry;
Feels of the dead as he passes them by —
Feels for the tunk of a human heart, where the forms
stretch silently;
Follows a hope however slim;
Maps a path through the chaos grim
For the rescue gangs who must follow him —
God! What a man a man can be!

THE ONE WITH THE CLOUDY EYES

DOWN in a drum on Sidewise street, where the red lights burn with a wicked leer,
We laid Long Charley down to die, and Charley knew that the end was near.
For he'd fought with a copper in Sidewise street and he got a ball where his lungs should be,
So we laid him out on the bar to die and held him down with a heavy knee.

His life blood dripped on the bottles and ice and stained the bar to a darker hue,
But we kept him from floundering about the place and held him quiet till Death got through.
And, dying, he babbled of many things that we never had heard him speak before,
And his words fell strange to a listening group as his life blood spattered the sawdust floor.

His hands were stained with another's gore, and the life he had lived was as black as night;
His name was the name for all things bad and his hair had grayed from the prison blight;
But down in the drums on Sidewise street they are still repeating what Charley said,
When, dying, he opened a heart long sealed and spoke as a man who moved with the dead.

THE ONE WITH THE CLOUDY EYES

"A woman is bending o'er me with a light in her cloudy eyes
That shines as sure and tender as the stars in yonder skies;
She is robed in a gown of roses exhaling a fragrant breath,
And I feel her fingers against my cheek as she whispers her name is Death.

"Aye, Death; and back behind her is a woman as harsh and cold
As a wicked night in winter; whose features are drawn and old;
Who smiles with a weary effort, and who carries a gun and knife —
And about her rattles a cloak of mail as she whispers her name is Life!

"And they're telling me choose between them, and Life is bidding me rise —
(Oh, the light is sure and tender that shines in the cloudy eyes!)
Then the old days pass before me, and Life is crouched for a blow —
I'll go in the way I want to, as long as I have to go!

"I'll take the one with the cloudy eyes and you toss for the other one;
I've had my fill of hell-on-earth, and now I'm glad it's done.

THE ONE WITH THE CLOUDY EYES

I'll take the one that looks so sure and you may have your Life —
For I know the one with the cloudy eyes will be as true as a wife!"

Out of the drum on Sidewise street, where the red lights burn with a wicked leer,
We took Long Charley away to the morgue and left him there with never a tear;
For we knew that Charley had made his choice, and most of us felt that the choice was wise —
And he went away from Sidewise street in the arms of the one with the cloudy eyes.

"JOHN YEGG" SPEAKS

"JUNGLED up" at Kenesaw an' boilin' out some
"soup";
(Peegum Pete, th' Bosting Bean an' San Diego Shine.)
Settin' 'round a campfire in an' interestin' group,
Speakin' o' th' things they'd seen a blowin' down th'
line.
Tellin' funny stories
O' their former glories —
(Peegum Pete, th' Bosting Bean an' San Diego Shine.)
Bodily strong an' ables,
Settin' tellin' fables —
How they'd hit th' rattler long o' wimming an' th' wine!

"Onct I cracks a residence," begins th' Bosting Bean —
(Tellin' it in lingo w'ich you'd hardly understand.)
"Hauls a lot o' tableware, a bunch o' silky green —
Dimmit ring a woman likes ter wear upon 'er hand.
When I lamps it gleamin'
Thinks I am a-dreamin' —"
(Peegum Pete's a-winkin' at th' San Diego Shine!)
"'Cuz I recognize it —
Years could not disguise it —
Hoop I gives ter Katie when I uster call 'er mine!"

"That wuz twenty years ago," allows th' Bosting Bean;
(Mister Booze had taken me along th' Primrose Way.)
"She had gone an' married ter a guy I'd never seen —
(Though she waited years fer me from wot I've heerd 'em say.)
But th' dimmit showed me —
Memory she stowed me —"
(Peegum Pete's a-winkin' at th' San Diego Shine.)
"She had not forgotten —
Say! I'm feelin' rotten
Lookin' at th' ring I gave ter sort o' brand 'er mine!"

"'Course you took it back agin," sez San Diego Shine;
(Bosting Bean's about asleep a-dozin' by th' fire.)
"Nope," he sez it drowsily, "becuz it onct wuz mine";
(Peegum Pete's a-makin' signs a-meanin' he's a liar.)
"Spark wuz nice an' nifty —
Soaks 'er for a fifty —
Get's a jag that lasts a week an' blows on up th' line!"
Campfire is a-roarin',
Bosting Bean's a-snorin' —
(Peegum Pete's a-winkin' at th' San Diego Shine!)

THE STORY OF YANEY HOW

THIS tale they tell when the pipes burn low in the hives of the Mongol Men;
When the guttering light spits at the night and the Sleep comes on again;
This tale they tell when the poppy spell wafts Hence on the Wings of Now;
Then the dreamers speak and their voices squeak with the story of Yaney How.
They tell this tale with a bitter wail as the shaved heads bend and bow;
" Oh, they killed the luck when they killed The Duck and they killed sweet Yaney How!"

In her little purple trousers and her shirt of fluted green,
She was the fairest flower that the street had ever seen;
Oh, she came from Kia-Cheno which is on the River Ho;
And she came the goods and chattels of the lordly leader, Fo.
She came the goods and chattels of the lordly leader, Fo,
Who is tender of the Joss House and who rules the Mongol Row;
And he told the gambling players that the girl would change the luck
As he put her in the Joss House under guard of Manny Duck.

Oh, The Duck was cruel and crafty and he swung a ready knife;
At the bidding of his master he would sacrifice his life;
Oh, The Duck was young and handsome, but he loved his master Fo,
And he ruled with knife and pistol all along the Mongol Row.

They told it to the gamblers that the maiden, Yaney How,
Was a daughter of the Temples, of the Gods to whom they bow;
And they told it to the gamblers that a dollar every day
Paid to Yaney at the Joss House would make lucky all their play.

From far and near the gamblers came to visit Mongol Row,
To get fair Yaney's blessing (taught her by the lordly Fo);
From far and near the gamblers came and wider grew her fame,
For their luck had grown astounding and they reverenced her name.
Back and forth along the passage, back and forth before her door
Walked her keeper with his pistol thirsting for some human's gore;

But The Duck was young and handsome and despite his visage grim
He couldn't help but notice that the maiden smiled at him.

Oh, Yaney How was good to look on and she turned her jailor stern
From his duty to his master; where the punk sticks ever burn,
Where the Joss is gazing crossly, underneath his awful eye
Sprang a story of a loving that could never, never, die.

Sprang a story of a loving; sprang a plan of Manny Duck,
How to steal the maiden, Yaney, and to take the gambler's luck;
With a rope he formed a ladder, from the window they would go —
But they planned without a reckoning of the lordly leader, Fo.

From the window went the lovers, she in Manny Duck's embrace;
And he paid the rope out slowly as they swung out into space;
Inch by inch they downward traveled and their hearts beat high with hope —
Then Fo leaned from a window — with a knife he cut the rope!

THE STORY OF YANEY HOW

They tell this tale when the pipes burn low in the hives of the Mongol Men;
How it's ten flights down from the roof to the ground and it's ten to the roof again;
Oh, it's ten flights down from the roof to the ground, and the shaved heads bend and bow —
For the lordly Fo with a single blow stopped The Duck — and Yaney How!
They tell this tale with a bitter wail as the shaved heads bend and bow:
" Oh, they killed the luck when they killed The Duck and they killed sweet Yaney How! "

THE TEARLESS EYES

BALLAD OF A BEACH COMBER

I SING o' love undyin'; the kind there ain't no buyin';
O' wimmin waitin' lonely, but no tears is in their eyes;
The deep of them reflectin' the love they are expectin' —
An' Faith a-shinin' strongly as the blue o' seas and skies.

They looks at you with their tearless eyes
An' their Faith shows strong an' true;
An' they says "I'll wait, yes, early, late —
I'll wait," they says, "for you."
For you have taken them to wife
By their heathen customs, too —
An' they says "I'll wait, yes, early, late —
I'll wait," they says, "for you."

I s'pose the roads through the southern seas
Are lined by a waitin' throng;
(Oh, the tearless eyes invite the lies
When you hear that homeward song.)
When the sails are filled with the 'Frisco wind
An' the boat swings nose to sea —
It's "wait for Jack 'cause I'll come back —
You wait," you says, "for me."

THE TEARLESS EYES

When your heart is sick o' the teemin' shores
An' the gabblin' tongues you hear;
When the houses stink, oh, it's then you think
O' Her you once held dear.
No particular Her, o' course, but Her
O' the tearless eyes you knew —
An' you hear the call o' the waterfall
For she's waitin' there for you.

Oh, gimme Her o' the tearless eyes
An' Her brown-stained, shinin' hide;
An' Her faith that's sure and Her heart that's pure
As the froth on the slidin' tide.
Oh, gimme Her with Her silent tongue
When the boat slips through the blue —
Who says " I'll wait, yes, early, late —
" I'll wait," she says, " for you."

I sing o' love undyin'; o' wimmin never sighin';
(The tearless eyes o' womankind a-starin' through the dark.)
I sing o' peas an' roses; o' seas an' flattened noses —
I twang me lyre to sing about the ever-burnin' spark!

BALLAD OF THE BRAKETEAMS

YOU have told yer little stories
Good an' bad an' new an' hoaries;
You have mentioned days o' hunger an' o' thirst.
You have told o' roads you've beaten
An' o' meals you haven't eaten
An' you've tried ter figger when you felt th' worst.
You have given yer opinions
O' th' law an' all its minions —
An' you've spoken free o' skookums that you've seen in passin' by.
But I haven't heard you mention
So I calls ter yer attention
Th' joys o' ridin' brakebeams with a cinder in yer eye!

You have rode upon th' bumpers
When a brakeman in his jumpers
Was a-standin' up on top a-heavin' coal.
You have been a giddy battler
When you rode upon th' rattler
An' you've fought th' shack's assault with heart an' soul.
Oh, you've had yer clothes on fire
Deckin' it, or yer a liar —

An' you've felt th' curse o' thirstiness a-crossin' deserts dry.
You have hoofed it many miles
Bein' floated at yer trials —
But have you rode a brakebeam with a cinder in yer eye?

You have rode in loads o' wheat,
Loads o' coal an' mebbe beat
Th' pilot an' th' tender as yer gittin' long th' road.
You have 'scaped a-many wreck
By an eyelash I expec' —
An' you had ter jump expressers when th' shacky said "Unload!"
I have heard yer joyous boast
O' yer trips from coast ter coast —
An' I doesn't doubt a minute that you all are mighty fly.
But I haven't heard you mention
So I calls ter yer attention
Th' joys o' ridin' brakebeams with a cinder in yer eye!

SONG O' THE LOST TRAINS

DO you know what a freight train says to a guy
When he's ditched an' it goes rumblin' by?
Rumblin' along it sings a song, an' this is the song it sings so high:
"Ha-a-a-am-gazzam-gazzam-ha-a-am-gazzam!"

Do you know what it means to a hobo gent
When he's t'run from a rattler; broken an' bent?
He lies there hurt in the dust an' dirt, while the train sings back from the way it's went:
"Ha-a-a-am-gazzam-gazzam-ha-a-am-gazzam!"

Do you know how a "shack" can speak; how gruff
He talks when he says you're far enough;
An' hands you a punch where you put your lunch, while you're tryin' to t'row a weak-kneed bluff —
"Ha-a-a-am-gazzam-gazzam-ha-a-am-gazzam!"

Do you know what it is to suffer from cold,
From thirst an' hunger an' then be rolled
Offen a deck on the back o' your neck, while the song comes back where the miles enfold —
"Ha-a-a-am-gazzam-gazzam-ha-a-am-gazzam!"

SONG O' THE LAST TRAIN

Do you know, when a freight train hits a switch
With a roar an' a slam, an' a snaky twitch
The hymn so grim it sings to him as he lays watchin' it
from the ditch?
" Ha-a-a-am-gazzam-gazzam-ha-a-am-gazzam! "

That's what a freight train says to a guy
When he's ditched, with a boot from a brakeman spry;
Cussin' his luck he lays there stuck 'till another train
comes a-rumblin' by:
" Ha-a-a-am-gazzam-gazzam-ha-a-am-gazzam! "

YEE-SANG-HIP

A TALE OF THE PANAMA

"CHING ching Chinaman stole my wood,
Ching ching Chinaman ain't no good!"

Yee-Sang-Hip, th' dirty ole rip,
Skin drored tight on his monkey head,
Opium stained to th' finger tip,
Looked like a mummy a thousand year dead;
Shy o' teeth an' short an eye,
Skin th' color o' a punkin pie;
Minded best to th' crack o' a whip —
Yee-Sang-Hip, th' dirty ole rip!

We picked him up at Colon when th' corps was short o' help,
An' many a time we cussed him for a lazy, worthless whelp;
He couldn't do no liftin' an' he couldn't even cook,
An' mostly he was smokin' dope in some sequestered nook!

Hoppy-eyed an' full o' yen shee till his skin was like to crack,

He stumbled on behind th' camp — we couldn't drive
him back;
He wuz cussed in seven lingoes an' he often felt th' boot,
But he only grinned an' grinned again an' didn't care a
hoot.

We had elbowed through to Bisqua an' th' fever grabbed
us there,
An' it took away th' fellers 'fore they'd time to breathe a
prayer;
An' th' coolies in their terror one by one give us th' slip,
Till th' only one who staid with us was one-eyed
Yee-Sang-Hip.

Fever stink in all th' quarters, not a man could raise a
hand;
Death a-peekin' round th' corners in a God-forsaken land;
Not a man could even amble an' no help in twenty
miles —
When up bobs ornery Yee-Sang-Hip with bland an' dopy
smiles.

Fever touch him? Well, not so that you could notice it,
An' strong men layin' 'round so sick that they could
hardly spit;
Yee-Sang-Hip, th' pie-faced Chino wot along to then had
shirked,
Sudden rose to th' occasion an' jest hopped right in an'
worked.

" Fixee you," was all he said, an' by day an' night he toiled,
A-workin' with us fellers while th' hellish fever boiled;
An' th' same Yee we'd been cussin' fer a worthless China-man
Had a touch upon yer forehead just as soft as woman's han'.

Twenty men a-layin' helpless an' he tireless lookout kept,
An' all believe this very day that Yee-Sang never slept.
Many funny draughts he brewed us; funny things he brought to eat;
An' one by one he worked us till he had us on our feet.

Now it would be a pretty tale to say Yee took down sick
As soon as all th' men wuz up, an' say he cashed in quick;
An' mention with some pathos how we watched him when he died,
An' strong men stood around his couch; an' detail tears they cried.

But I am bound to state that Yee most firm declined to die,
An' though we wondered at his work we found th' reason why;
He grinned at all our feverish thanks an' little had to say,
But " touched " each feller for a ten when next we got our pay.

An' I regret to say that Yee still stumbles at our back,
Hoppy-eyed an' full o' yen shee till his skin is like to crack;
As a horny-handed worker there couldn't be no worse,
So we cusses him as usual an' we keeps him fer a nurse.

SONG OF THE STEAM SHOVEL

"CHUFF! Chuff! Chuff!" An' a mountain bluff
Is moved by the shovel's song;
"Chuff! Chuff! Chuff!" Oh, the grade is rough
A-liftin' the landscape along!

We are ants upon a mountain, but we're leavin' of our dent,
An' our teeth-marks bitin' scenery; they will show the way we went;
We're a-liftin' half creation an' we're changin' it around
Just to suit our playful purpose when we're diggin' in the ground.

"Chuff! Chuff! Chuff!" Oh, the grade is rough,
An' the way to the sea is long;
"Chuff! Chuff! Chuff!" An' the engines puff
In tune to the shovel's song.

We're a-shiftin' miles like inches, an' we grab a forest here
Just to switch it over yonder so's to leave an angle clear;
We're a-pushin' leagues o' swamps aside so's we can hurry by —
An' if we had to do it we would probably switch the sky!

SONG OF THE STEAM SHOVEL

" Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! " An' it grabs the scruff
O' a hill an' boosts it along;
" Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! " Oh, the grade is rough
But it gives to the shovel's song.

You hears it in the mornin' an' you hears it late at night —
It's our battery keepin' action with support o' dynamite;
Oh, you gets it for your dinner, an' the scenery skips along —
In a movin' panorama to the chargin' shovel's song!

" Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! " Oh, it's hard enough
When you're changin' a job gone wrong;
" Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! " An' there's no rebuff
To the shovel a-singin' its song!

This is a fight that's fightin' an' the battle's to the death;
There ain't no stoppin' here to rest or even catch your breath;
You ain't no noble hero an' you leave no gallant name —
You're a-fightin' Nature's army an' it ain't no easy game!

" Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! " Oh, the grade is rough,
An' the way to the end is long;
" Chuff! Chuff! Chuff! " An' the engines puff
As we lift the landscape along!

THE FALL OF A GOD

BALLAD OF A BEACH COMBER

BUNGALOO-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
King o' th' Island o' Bally-Santoo;
'E 'as a string o' some forty-two wives;
Stores 'em away in some forty-two hives;
Bungaloo-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
'E 'as 'is troubles betwixt me 'n you.

Boss o' th' God House comes to 'im one day;
Sez Mister God is a-pinin' away;
Wants for to 'ave a companion in life —
'E's been demandin' a charmin' young wife;
Un 'at kin cook, an' un 'at kin sing;
'E wants th' pick o' th' Bungaloo string.

Bungaloo-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
" Wot in th' dickens," sez 'e, " kin I do?
I loves 'em all, an' they're all lovin' me;
How I'm to pick 'er I really don't see;
Never did 'ear o' so orful a bore —
Gotter be done er th' God 'll get sore."

Up speaks myself, and I sez, " It's a cinch —
I am th' lad wot is great in a pinch;
Line up yer wives an' I picks un right out —
Never no trouble an' never no doubt."
Bungaloo-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
Grabs at th' notion an' puts er' right through.

Forty-two wives out in one single row
Make quite a string, as I'll have you to know;
Fussin' an' crowdin' an' kickin' up dust,
Hard to determine just which un's th' wust.
Long uns an' short uns an' fat uns an' thins —
Lines 'em up even an' then I begins:

" ' Onery, owery, ickory, Ann —
Phillison, Follison, Nicholas, John! ' —
You with th' smile an' the feathery fan
Kindly to foller th' God Tender on;
Ain't much on looks, but I guess 'at you'll do —
Easiest job 'at I ever put through."

Bungaloo-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
" Whoa! " 'e sez fiercely, " now 'at un won't do;
Couldn't to think about givin' 'at wife —
She is Chelooloo, th' joy o' my life;
Try 'em agin, for there's un 'at th' right
Who bothers me some when I stay out at night."

" ' Dickery, stickery, kickery, dock,
All o' yer winter clothes gone into hock ' —
You with th' face like a summer squash pie
Step from th' line an' let 'em pass by."
" Whoa! " sez th' King, lookin' flustered an' hot,
" She is th' only real cook 'at I've got! "

" 'Hubbadoo, rubadoo, clubadoo, blub —
Wiggery, waggery, wuggery, wub ' —
You on th' end with th' mouth like a door,
Out from th' line — but th' King gives a roar:
" She is th' newest, just got 'er to-day,
Couldn't to think about givin' away."

Took 'em in order right down through th' list,
Shouldn't 'ave thought 'at a un 'ud be missed.
Every un called, but th' King 'ad a kick —
Thought o' some virtue an' thought it up quick;
An' when th' list it was finally done —
Bungaloo sez, " I won't give 'im a un! "

Bungaloo-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
Grabs up 'is war club an' six pistol, too;
Hits for th' Temple with blood in 'is eye,
Catches th' Tender a crack goin' by;
Up to th' God an' 'e wallops it 'ard —
Scatters th' pieces all over th' yard.

Bungaloo-Billydad-Comesy-Boo,
King o' th' Island o' Bally-Santoo;
'E 'as a string o' some forty-two wives;
Stores 'em away in some forty-two hives;
'E cooes around like a fat turtle dove,
Won't 'ave no God in 'is kingdom but Love!

THE LAST OF THE HACKDRIVERS

A STORY OF THE CITY

YOU all recall " Seattle," and his team of balky grays
Who stood at Kelcey's corner for a score of years or more;
His hack a welcome haven in your salad, ballad days
When you steered, a trifle tempest tossed, against his friendly shore.
You must recall " Seattle," and the creak and squeak and rattle
Of his deep sea-going carriage as it churned along the street;
In rain or shine he waited for the patrons he had slated —
And now, they say, " Seattle's " dead; time surely passes fleet!

You must recall " Seattle," and his horses, Tom and Joe;
His beaming, liquored countenance, and somewhat husky bass —
For twenty years of night he stood and watched us come and go
And lent a helping hand to us with all his courtly grace.
He drove you to your courting, to your wedding and disporting,

He stood, a beacon of relief, from nightfall until dawn.
When anyone was buried, in his good old hack he ferried
The mourners to the graveyard where he himself has gone.

Aye, we all recall " Seattle," and his team of sulky grays,
A taxicab is at his stand, and he has passed along.
But we seem to hear — an echo of the ballad, salad days —
His husky voice uplifted in an oldtime dance hall song.
So we'll weep for old " Seattle," and we'll miss the creak and rattle
Of the iron-heeled wheels that sang to us in creeping down the road;
And in that place hereafter, we will greet that kindly grafter
With a pleasant, " How, Seattle," and a " Have you got a load? "

THE OUTBREAK

SH-H-H! Hark!
Down on your knees and pray!
Ten bad men from Cell House Four
Have killed a guard and sprung a door
And they're trying to get away —
Down! Get down, and pray!

A roar rips wide the peaceful night —
Spikes of flame barb the upper walls
Where the rifles answer the dynamite
And the guards fire wild where the gray rats crawl.

The whistles scream; the bells give tongue;
The searchlight splits the sullen dark —
A fierce alarm through town is flung,
And now we hear the bloodhounds bark.

A rattle and crash on every tier —
The guards pour in with riot gun;
Wild-eyed we listen and pray to hear
Some word, some hope, the ten have won.

They blew a gate; they got through — all —
We sense that much who knew the plan;
They scattered out beyond the wall,
Each for himself — God help each man!

THE OUTBREAK

Listen! The pop of guns grows faint;
And now they seem to die away —
The night has passed but left a taint
Of blood upon the morning gray.

Sh-h-h! Hark!
Down on your knees and pray!
What was that the turnkey said?
All of them caught — eight of them dead
Not one managed to get away?
Down! Get down and pray!

DIAMOND DITTIES

A MINOR LEAGUE MELODY

I'M stallin' me way through the Caviar League on a flash o' me ole time speed;
I'm hittin' three twenty for Banbury Bend an' keepin' it out in the lead —
I usta hit better for Hanlon, perhaps, in the time o' the Baltimore team,
But I've gone quite a ways since the halcyon days o' me youth an' me major league dream!
Oh, I'm ole an' me legs are as wooden as pegs an' they tell me me tootsies don't track —
They's a stitch in me side when I run or I slide — an' I reckon I'll never go back!

I've been through the Bushes from 'Frisco to Maine, an' a lot o' the map in between,
An' the stuff that I've seen in them Fire Cracker Leagues was stuff that no gent should have seen.
I've played in the north, east an' west an' the South, an' they're onto me every ole place —
They set up a yell: "W'y here's Noah — well, well!" — then I bat 'em close up in the race.
Oh, I'm ole an' me eyes are all gone, but I'm wise an' me noodle makes up for me lack
O' me whip an' the pep o' me major league rep., but it's likely I'll never go back.

Me stomach ain't strong for these wolf wild kids wit' their awful control an' their smoke —
If ever they bean me wit' one o' them slants I'm as dead as a mack'rel in soak.
An' when they come slidin' feet first to me sack I has to give way an' I feel
That I've gone quite a ways since the halcyon days when I stood to the slides an' the steel.
Still, they's many a star in a Big League car that went on me tip to ole Mac —
I've sent up some kids since they give me the skids — but pussonly I'll never go back!

THE FREE HITTER

WHO, me?
Listen!
I've elbowed me way from Nowhere to a seat wit' a champion team,
By puttin' some dents in the center field fence along o' me turrible steam.
I've heard 'em debatin' me system, an' I've heard 'em discussin' me style —
Listen!
Me secret is punchin' the ball on the snout an' makin' it ramble a mile!
That's me!
I always hit it a mile!
It's a trick that I learned in the Timber, for the boss he would say wit' a smile:
" Step up there, you rummy, an' wop it, an' be sure that you wop it a mile! "

The fadeaways fade to a fancy, an' the spitters go splatterin' out,
An' all o' their smoke is a Bush-league joke if you clout it a toe-swung clout;
An' they's never no zones o' safety an' they's never no system or style —
Get me!

That'll blockade the track o' a fence bound smack if you tune it to sing for a mile!
That's me!
I always make it a mile!
They teach it back there in the Jungles, where they's never no system or style:
"Step up there, you low brow, an' lum it — an' be sure that you lam it a mile!"

Yessir! I horned meself in here from Nowhere, an' I'm settin' these batsmen a pace —
They's never a day that the papers don't say I study the pitchers I face —
That's a scream, for me secret is simple, an' you all oughta give it a trial —
Listen!
I step up an' snare me a good one an' then I just spank it a mile!
That's me!
I only hit it a mile!

You get it back there in the Cat Tails, where it's runs that they want all the while,
An' they yell: "Get up there an' ding it, an' be sure that you ding it a mile!"

BLACKLISTED

RAPPED to the way that I stood to the pan? Rapped to the way that I swung?
Well, it's me — Kid Massingale, mister — that goes by the name o' McClung!
Playin' the field here for sixty a month wit' a job in a store on the side —
Blacklisted? Sure! An' the National Commish makes it foller wherever I hide.

They let all the good ones they just had to have slip back in the organized fold
When the Northwestern outlaws went onto the rocks, but me — an' some more — were too old.
We jumped in the days when we all had the goods, an' we jumped at a time when it hurt —
An' lookin' it over from where I sit now I'll admit that we did do 'em dirt!

You notice the ole man still hits 'em a bit? I could manage a minor league crowd —
But you bet all you got that the National Commish'll go crazy before it's allowed.
I might be an umpire, I might be a scout, as it is I ain't nothin' at all,
Because I got chesty an' wanted more dough, an' I hopped out o' organized ball!

HOMEWARD BOUND

WELL, we're seeding the Jungles with Spring recruits
as we're leaving the South astern;
We're planting a crop of next year's grief when they'll
come for a second turn.
But we pound our ears to the carwheel's croon with a
good, glad tunk in our hearts,
For we're shed of the kids who threatened our jobs, and
it's soon that the salary starts.

We're leaving our aches and pains at the springs where
we stripped from our Winter ease,
And we josh the boobs at the kidtown stops with many
an old-time wheeze;
We raise our voices and raise our bets with the faith that
a flush imparts —
As we sift through the South and the winds o' March
to the time when the salary starts.

We're booming along through some bush league dates
to our places as first page news
(And a Pullman's a pretty soft berth, my boy, when
you're sure of your regular's shoes!)
So we dream to the drone of the drumming wheels with
a peace in our minds and hearts,
And we hope that the kid from the Six Gun League
breaks a leg ere the next year starts!

A RINGSIDE RHYME

SHUFFLIN' mah feet in de rawsum, waitin' de soun
o' de gong,
Seems toe me lak Ah heahs a voice — yo'll say dat mah
haid is wrong;
It comes fum de gemmen's co'nah, a whispahin' soft an'
low —
An' Ah heahs dat gemmen's right han' speak an' it say
toe de lef, jess so —
It saiz:
"Ka-bam! Ka-bam! Ka-bam!"
Thass all!

Yessuh; Heah is mah ole brown baf robe, noddin' to
frien's at de ring,
Figgahin' to bus' de gemmen's crus' as soon as de gong
go ding;
Finkin' about mah sixty puh cent — an' den Ah mos' lose
mah bref —
Foh de right han' mumble an' muttah an' den it answahs
de lef' —
An' it saiz:
"Ka-bam! Ka-bam! Ka-bam!"
Thass all!

A RINGSIDE RHYME

Tyin' mah shoestring ca'less, an' gibin' mah sassiest looks,
Does yo' say as Ah fought him nuvus — w'y, boss, kin a man fight spooks?
No, sah! Dey's nuffin to DAT — Ah hasn't no yallar streak.
But Ah heahs de lef' han' say toe de right, an' de right han' up an' speak —
An' it saiz:
"Ka-bam! Ka-bam! Ka-bam!"
Thass all!

PABALITA SANDOVAL

STRANGER, hear the echoes call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval!"

Always in the mountain passes,
In the cañons 'long th' river —
An' where the prairie grasses
To th' night winds lightly shiver;
You kin hear it softly sighin'
Whisperin' a love undyin' —
For it is his spirit cryin'
" Pabalita Sandoval!"

Listen to th' plaza's tale
O' th' night wind's mournful wail —
Not th' wind, they say — th' call
" Pabalita Sandoval!"

Pabalita Sandoval, purtiest girl on th' Rio Grande,
Eyes like sparks an' hair a shawl, black as ary nigger's hand.
Lips like roses, rich an' red, pursin' to a kissin' pose —

PABALITA SANDOVAL

Lips that teched 'em bled, they said; cactus lay within th' rose.
Hell wuz broodin' in her eyes; passion slumbered in her heart —
Onct aroused it never dies an' it tore her soul apart —
Soul? Aye, yes, warped some, an' thin; somewhat stained with bitter gall,
Love stole out an' hate crept in — Pabalita Sandoval —

Hear 'em softly, softly call —
"Pabalita ——
"Pabalita ——
"Pabalita Sandoval!"

Billy Hall, called Cigarette, an' a outlaw kid wuz Billy Hall,
Comes to Mesa an' he met Pabalita Sandoval.
Nervy kid wuz Billy Hall, handsome, too, an' tall an' slim;
Pabalita Sandoval saw him an' she went to him.
Pabalita went to him as to many more she'd gone —
Sang them syreen songs to him an' he follered sheeplike on.
Strong men tried to change his pace; talked like dads to Billy Hall,
But he only saw th' face — Pabalita Sandoval.

Now you hear 'em louder call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval!"

On his head wuz hung a price, thousand plunks alive or dead —
Many tried — but never twice — Billy's mark wuz long an' red!
So they laughed an' played together through them long dry summer days —
Rode th' range in ary weather, dreamin' in a golden haze.
An' they planned beyond th' dangers, Bill he wuz to quit his life —
Dodgin' death an' also Rangers — she to be his lovin' wife.
Aye, they planned, she seemed to mean it, seemed to love that Billy Hall —
An' th' end — Ah, could she seen it — Pabalita Sandoval.

Hear 'em sorrowfully call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval!"

Bat McMasters, One-eyed Bat, gun man from the Fallin' Wall!
Wicked cuss, but game at that, comes a huntin' Billy Hall.

'Fraid to take an even break Bat he knows a better stall,
An' he plays that shemale snake — Pabalita Sandoval!
Pabalita Sandoval! Bat wuz on th' buy, she sold
All th' love o' Billy Hall for a dirty mess of gold.
Sold it as you sell a cow, bartered, traded it, that's all —
Hear them echoes callin' now? Pabalita Sandoval —

Spirits weep? You hear that call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval! "

Down along th' Broken Stick Billy playin' hide an' seek,
Comes a message she wuz sick, callin' for him — gettin' weak.
Thirty miles through blindin' snow comes a-tearin' Billy Hall —
Prayin' death would take her slow — Pabalita Sandoval!
Dangers lay at every jump, Death reached forth an eager hand —
But he made his cayuse hump, atmosphere he fairly fanned.
So he came in his devotion, so he came, this Billy Hall
Cryin' in his heart's emotion —" Pabalita Sandoval! "

As you hear that moanin' call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval! "

PABALITA SANDOVAL

Billy Hall, called Cigarette, an' a outlaw kid wuz Billy Hall
Playin' for his 'special bet, Pabalita Sandoval!
Pabalita lay abed; One-eyed Bat behind th' door;
Listenin' for Billy's tread — shotgun loaded to th' bore.
" Pabalita! " Billy cries as he bursts into th' room —
" Pabalita! " an' he spies Bat a-standin' in th' gloom.
Quick he fired but Bat wuz quicker by a wink than Billy Hall —
This his dyin' life-lamp's flicker —" Pabalita Sandoval! "

Like you hear that echo call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval! "

Billy shootin' through th' dark, wide o' Bat his bullet sped,
Still it reached a shinin' mark, struck her as she lay abed.
Struck her where her heart should be, an' they heard her shriekin' call
" Beela! Beela! Come to me — Pabalita Sandoval! "
So they laid 'em down out yonder where the mountain flowers grow,
Where the woolly sheep flocks wander an' the mountain breezes blow.
But his soul, they say, ain't sleepy, an' it rambles — hear that call —
Don't it start th' shivers creepy? —" Pabalita Sandoval! "

PABALITA SANDOVAL

Hear the echoes loudly call —
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita ——
" Pabalita Sandoval! "

Always in the mountain passes,
In the cañons 'long th' river —
An' where the prairie grasses
To th' night winds lightly shiver;
You kin hear it softly sighin'
Whisperin' a love undyin'—
For it is his spirit cryin'
" Pabalita Sandoval! "

An' that is sure the plaza's tale
O' th' night wind's mournful wail —
Not th' wind, they say, th' call
" Pabalita Sandoval! "

REQUIEM

SHUFFLE by and gaze on him, as he lays in gracious sleep;
Rest for him who's gone away, where the best and worst shall go.
Sorrow not; the eyes are dim; sweet indeed the sleep of him —
Sorrow not, for God is good — let the drums beat very low.

Somewhere out ahead is light; somewhere in the sea there's land;
Pass him by in deepest silence; let him sleep.
Still and cold he seems? Not so; in his heart there is a glow;
Sorrow not; for God is gentle — do not weep.

Sings a lark at golden morn; sings a song of grace for him;
Sorrow not, his dreams are quiet dreams of love.
Sorrow not; he smiles again; warm his smiling lips again;
Warm his heart — for God is gracious with His love.

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